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Melodies and Meditations

BY
JOHN
McGLASHAN



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Melodies
and
Meditations.



Melodies & Meditations



A Collection of Songs,
Poems, Philosophical Verse, and Cantatas.

By
John McGlashan.

With a Foreword by
Sir Robert Stout, K.C.M.G., C.J.

Wellington, N.Z.:
Published by Hugh Douglas, 90-94, Wakefield Street.

1914.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO THE
MEMORY
OF
MY DEAR OLD FRIEND
THE LATE MR. J. H. POPE.

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Foreword.

IT is some considerable time since Mr. McGlashan sent me his "Philosophical Thoughts in Sonnets." I was much struck with them. The remembrance of Alfred Domett's efforts in "Ranolf and Amohia" to philosophise in verse was at once recalled. There has, so far as I know, been in New Zealand no other attempt to state the problems of philosophy in verse. We have had many poets, but they have dwelt on our scenery or on the dreams of life as seen in our midst. It will be learned from a perusal of the Sonnets, and the poem "Life," that the position of the poet is that of the Neo-Hegelian School; and they crystallise that philosophical position. That such Sonnets should have been written in our midst is, I think, a cheering sign. We need not merely descriptive writers, or recorders of events; we require thinkers. The problems of the universe are open to us, and why should we not cogitate on them, even if a solution at present seems impossible? May the Sonnets make us think of the problems of existence.

Mr. McGlashan's fame does not rest on his philosophical Sonnets. He has written many songs and many poems. Some of his songs appear in the ancient language that once held sway from the Humber to the Tay. And who among those whose mother tongue is what is now called the

Scottish dialect can fail to be charmed by the old tongue in limpid verse? All the poems are melodious, and the author has introduced the dramatic element in his Cantatas. I feel sure that the impartial reader will say that they are well worthy of publication, and that New Zealand has to be congratulated on having such a writer of poetry as Mr. McGlashan.

ROBERT STOUT:

Wellington, 1913.



Preface.

THE writing of the verses in this volume provided infinite amusement in my spare hours, and was an unalloyed pleasure ; but the penning of the preface I have found a troublesome matter—indeed, the most troublesome matter connected with the preparation of the book.

Some one may say, “ Why write a preface at all ? ” My answer is that in this case a preface is indispensable ; I have in it a duty to perform—a duty I may not neglect.

Few have the temerity to publish their work without submitting it to the eye of some literary friend and adviser, and my need for such a counsellor and friend is greater than that of most who lay claim to authorship ; for, owing to the early death of my father, few indeed were the opportunities afforded me in my youth of acquiring education, and against this great disadvantage I have had to struggle.

No words of mine can adequately express the deep debt of gratitude I owe to the late Mr. J. H. Pope, Inspector of Native Schools, for the kindly encouragement, and the never-failing interest he took in everything I wrote, during a period of twenty years ; and I shall ever regret that advancing years deprived me of his valuable counsel and criticism during the time I was preparing this volume for the press.

To dedicate this work to him, and in doing so to make public acknowledgment of my gratitude for all his kindness, is the crowning pleasure of my life.

I desire also to tender my thanks to Sir Robert Stout, K.C.M.G., Chief Justice, and Chancellor of the New Zealand University, for sparing valuable time in looking through my manuscript, and for his extreme kindness in writing a Foreword, which anyone in the throes of a first appearance in book form might well feel flattered on reading.

Before concluding, I may say that most of the verses contained in this work have appeared in one or other of the following journals: "People's Journal," "People's Friend," "Glasgow Weekly Herald," "Elgin Courant," "Otago Witness," "The Scot at Home an' Abroad," and the "New Zealand Times."

Should the reader discern any merit in these efforts, or experience any pleasure from their perusal, I shall feel that I have my reward. In the hope that this may be so, I now conclude, feeling well content.

Not the glitter of gold, nor the diamond's proud
flash,

Can the Poet's affection divide ;
He but heeds that sweet call which inspires him to
sing,

For he worships the Muse as his bride.

J. McG.

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Melodies and Meditations.

THE ANSWER.

SONG.

I remember the grove where the thrush sang his
song

To his mate as she sat on the nest ;
There I learned that the brook, as it gurgled along,
Said "Good night" to the sun in the west.

Then the dew came to rest on the birch and the
briar,

And their perfumes were borne on the air.
As I rounded the bend, how my heart was on fire
When I found that my loved one was there !

I remember the kirk that was perched on the hill,
How its bell used to solemnly ring ;

It was under its roof that I first saw her face,
As she rose, in the anthem to sing.

How the soft melting chords from the organ
entwined

Round her tones, so expressive and sweet !
It was there on a bright summer morn we were wed,
With all nature our union to greet.

I remember the morn that she smiled through her
tears,

And revealed how an Angel drew nigh,
And she told me that Angel came softly to tell
That her presence was wanted on high.

Then I felt, as I listened, all hope was in vain—
That my loved one and I must soon part ;

When I kissed her and bade her a loving adieu,
It was all that remained of my heart.

I remember the voice that fell soft on my ear,
 While the moonlight shone bright through the
 trees ;
 'Tis the answer that comes from the one I held
 dear,
 'Mid the sighs of a soft summer breeze.
 Though the curlew may mock me from plain and
 from fell,
 And the winds moan their forecast of woe,
 'Tis the stars and the moon, and the story they tell,
 That recall my beloved long ago.

THE BANNER OF SCOTLAND.

SONG.

Yon emblem of power, waving high o'er the wall,
 Must mem'ries of heroes immortal recall—
 Of Wallace, of Bruce—how they bled for its fame,
 To add to its lustre and shield it from shame.

Refrain.

The Banner that waves o'er the brave and the
 true,
 The Banner no foeman may ever subdue,
 Our heroes have left it to you and to me—
 The Banner of Scotland shall ever be free.

The blood that our forefathers shed in its cause
 Established our freedom, religion, and laws ;
 True legacies purchased at merciless cost—
 God grant that by Scotsmen they'll never be lost.

Refrain.

To gaze at yon Banner, and think of its might,
 Drives the blood through our veins with a fearless
 delight ;
 Should tyranny threaten, we'd rise to a man,
 And follow that Banner displayed in the van.

Refrain.

THE LAD THAT COMES AT E'EN.

SONG.

When faither sits him doon tae rest
Ayont the ingle-lowe,
I see the bairnies aff tae bed
While mither spins the tow ;
And then I steal toward the door,
And through the hedge sae green
I look for him I lo'e sae dear—
The lad that comes at e'en.

I hear him sing some auld Scotch sang
As he comes roun' the ben',
An' when he's crossing owre the brig
His lichtsome step I ken ;
It gars my heart beat loud and fast,
Brings tears intae my een,
For joy tae think that he's sae near—
The lad that comes at e'en.

Yestreen he clasped me tae his breast,
And whispered in my ear
His fervent wish that I wi' him
His hearth and hame would share ;
And then I looked toward yon stars,
And praised that Power unseen,
Wha sent tae me wi' heart sae true
The lad that comes at e'en.

KEN YE THE GLEN ?

SONG.

Ken ye the glen, where by yon ruin grey
The burnie twines in rippling bends,
Where wild flowers spread so gay,
Where moorcocks crawl at early dawn,
And lambs bleat on the hill,
Where linties sing amang the whins
That bloom aboon the mill?

Ken ye the glen, that's hid by mountains gran',
Where mang the knowes, in childish glee,
Wi' comrades dear I've ran,
Where I hae in the gloamin sat
Beneath the hawthorn-tree,
And felt contentment's sweetest bliss
Wi' her sae dear to me?

Ken ye the glen, that's ever dear to me,
Which cares in life can ne'er efface,
Nor dim to memory's e'e ?
For aye I'll hear the mavis sing,
And scan each haugh and dell,
For naught on earth can make me say
"My native glen, farewell."

AT THE WHEEL.

SONG.

We've been at the wheel when the storm was high,
And the quivering sails were rent ;
When each wave held death on its angry frown,
And the masts like willows bent ;
When the thunder roared, and the lightning bright
Seemed to flash from spar to spar ;
But of dangers none that I know can quail
The heart of a British tar.

Chorus.

Then drink, boys, drink to the ocean blue
And the rolling waves we roam,
And drink again to the lass that's true,
And the port we call our home.

When the sails are set till they catch the breeze
As it plays upon our beam,
Then our ship sails fast o'er the rolling waves,
And the sea-birds round us scream,
As we plough our way to some foreign clime—
Where the summer's ever fair,
To some land where the palm-tree waves supreme
'Mid its scenes of beauty rare.

Chorus.

But we sail to-day for the good old land
That we left so long ago,
Where we'll join our friends that we left behind,
And whose hearts with friendship flow ;
When we steer our barque through yon silver
streak,
Where it guards old England's shore,
We will give three cheers for our glorious King,
And the loved ones we adore.

Chorus.

THE DAISY ON THE PATH.

SONG.

On the path there grew a daisy,
Oh, so handsome and so fair !
It was tended night and morning
With a fond and loving care.
There was not a flower around it
That to me could take its place ;
As it smiled up through the sunshine,
I could see my loved one's face.

I first saw it one June morning—
It was tiny, slim, and spare ;
As it grew apace I watched it,
And rejoiced to see it there ;
I have seen it wet with dew-drops,
I have seen it parched and dry,
I have seen it droop at noon-day,
Still I felt it would not die.

But another plucked my daisy,
With its shades of beauty rare ;
Like my hopes, 'twas doomed to vanish,
And its place was lone and bare.
Though the village bells were ringing,
I was sad at heart that day,
For I knew the one they rang for
Would be lost to me for aye.

THE LAD THAT'S O'ER THE SEA.

SONG.

Again yon hawthorn hedge is green,
 And wild flowers scent the air ;
 The mavis sings among the trees
 To her who shares his care.
 Though Nature doth rejoice around,
 It brings no joy to me,
 But makes me sigh for him I love,
 The lad that's o'er the sea.

We parted where the waters meet
 To murmur to the sea,
 Where oft we watched the lambs at play
 Beneath the old beech tree ;
 But now in sorrow do I see
 Them frisking o'er the lea,
 For only joy with him I'll find,
 The lad that's o'er the sea.

Above the murmur of the shore
 I hear a sweet refrain,
 For ever whispering in my ear
 That we will meet again.
 And I will bless the happy day
 That brings him back to me—
 'Tis he alone can bring me joy,
 The lad that's o'er the sea.

THE OLD REQUEST.

SERENADE.

'Neath your window I stand in the starlight ;
All is still save the voice of the owl,
And the swift-flowing stream from the mountains
Murmurs soft 'neath the bridge's dark cowl.
Then awake from your slumber, my fairest !
I will sing of the love that you know,
And the days when we first met together
Near the old trysting tree long ago.

Like the sunshine, your smile ever cheers me,
And its light puts my heart all aglow,
While of music your voice is the sweetest—
Shall I hear it to-night ere I go?
She is coming—yes, yes, she is coming ;
Shall I see her sweet face once again ?
Hark ! a voice, it is hers, at the window ;
Then my pleading has not been in vain.

Oh, my beloved one, thou queen of my heart,
How I adore thee words cannot impart !
My soul knows no rest but when thou art near,
Speak, then, my dearest, I'm waiting to hear.

THE ATHIEIST.

Mark well the man who tries to show
How all the worlds were made,
Who tells you that a million suns
Can act without some Head.

Be on your guard when he proceeds
To tell you life's a lie—
That, like the tree which falls to earth,
We perish when we die.

Such theories do not come from fools
Who can't tell wrong from right ;
They come from fools who have some brains,
Yet try 'gainst fate to fight.

Man may denounce the creeds as false,
Call priests our greatest curse,
Say Christ and all of Christian faith
Rush on from bad to worse ;

May think that he can trace from them
The cause of every woe,
And feel, if they were swept from earth,
That happiness would grow ;

Says Mind and Matter were at first,
And will be evermore—
The form which Nature now assumes
Has often been before.

He may assert, in boastful tones,
That all by chance takes place,
Deny there is a God who rules
Throughout infinite space.

He boasts that he's an Atheist,
Yet knows not what he says ;
May think it means to scoff at him
Who kneels to God and prays.

Such reasoning well might come from men
Who never thought an hour,
And cannot read in Nature's plan
That man has no such power.

'Tis little men, with narrow minds,
Who cause this vile disease,
By ranting over God as one
Whom they alone can please.

The Atheists then, from weakness too,
Assume just their extreme,
And so they struggle on through life
Till all becomes a dream.

Yet there he stands, a living soul—
This much he can't deny ;
But dares he be an Atheist?
No more than you or I.

HOGMANAY IN NEW ZEALAND.

These verses were written for the Caledonian Society of Wellington, New Zealand, in December, 1906.

Though we maun spen' oor Hogmanays
 'Mid Summer's genial glow,
When trees display their riches green,
 An' corn waves to an' fro ;
Where neither peat nor logs we need
 To temper Winter's blast ;
Yet we hae joys to cheer us a'
 Frae mem'ries o' the past,

When I hae trudged through blindin' snaw
 Wi' heart brimfu' o' cheer,
To meet the lass I lo'ed sae weel
 An' wish her "Guid New Year."
Though mony a year has passed since then,
 An' I hae wandered far,
Nae trouble yet that I hae met
 Those happy days could mar.

Here still are freens for sport an' mirth,
 As in the days o' yore,
Wha ken to throw their cares awa'
 Afore they steek the door.
We duly see the auld year oot,
 An' welcome in the new—
Wi' richt guid will we pledge them baith,
 Mang freens a' leal an' true.

Here we hae lads frae north the Tweed
 Can gar the bagpipes skirl,
An' we hae lads an' lasses braw
 Through every dance can whirl ;

Then free aff-han' we crack our jokes,
An' sing oor sangs wi' glee,
An' toast Auld Scotland's hills an' dales
Wi' a' the "honours three"—

That land where every rippling stream
Some story can unfold,
When every crag seems wont to tell
The noble deeds of old ;
Where birch an' bracken through each pass
Seem whisp'ring in your ear,
All telling that where now they stand
Auld Scotland's foes paid dear.

While owre her rugged purple hills
The red deer loves to roam,
An' high amang her mountain peaks
The eagle finds a home—
On lonely cliffs around her shores,
Where man may ne'er intrude,
'Tis there the raven feels secure
To rear her hungry brood.

Where whaups along each heath-clad fell
Declare the early morn,
Where thrush an' linnet close the day
Wi' sang frae larch an' thorn.
Such are the ties that firmly bind
Oor present to the past—
That ever keeps oor mem'ries green,
Where'er oor lot be cast.

Awa' wi' him whose soul ne'er burns
Wi' patriotic flame !
The deeds that made his country great
To him are but a name.
The social ties that sweeten life
Are no for him to share ;
The greed o' gear is a' his aim—
His very soul lies there.

Gie me the healthy-minded chiel,
Wha's heart-strings ring in tune;
He soothes oor cares an' aids oor joys,
An' brightens life a' roun'.
Such souls as these may claim our love;
Wha'd daur to say them nay?
Could Scots hae better company
To spend a Hogmanay?

A SCOTTISH WELCOME.

The following was written for the programme of a Wellington Caledonian concert given in the Opera House on the 23rd September, 1898, which was conducted by the author.

Ye Scots frae every hill an' glen
Where grows the bonny heather,
We'll sing tae you the sangs ye ken,
Come a' tae hear's thegither.

They'll stir yer heart, an' mak' it young,
Pit fire intae yer e'e,
Bring back the days when they were sung,
Afore ye crossed the sea.

A MARRIED MAN'S LAMENT.

When my freen Jock first took a wife
He aft ca'd in to tell
That he had foun', in human shape,
An angel, meanin' Bell.

Of course I tell'd him I was pleased
To think he'd done sae weel ;
I kenned puir Jock for years to be
A real warm-hearted chiel.

But then I marked a change in Jock
Within the next few years,
An' ae day when I spier't for Bell
He fair burst into tears.

I saw at ance that things were wrang,
Nae kennin' what it meant,
Till Jock, in tears, began to tell
The following lament.

He sobbed, " For God's sake, Davie lad,
Keep clear o' a' this strife ;
Ye just keep leevin' as ye are,
An' never tak a wife.

" Ye ken I courted Bell for years,
When life was like a dream ;
Then a' oor thochts an' wishes moved
Like leaves gaun doon a stream.

" When married first I truly thocht
That naething could gae wrang ;
I fondly nursed the bairn at nicht,
An' soothed it wi' a sang.

"Ere lang she started to complain
That she was a' run doon ;
I, little kennin' what this meant,
Tried hard to bring her roun'.

"Though I kept working like a slave,
An' gave her every groat,
Still Bell (wha'd naething) moaned and whined,
Lamentin' her sad lot.

"An' though she never rails like some,
Her taunts hurt ten times waur ;
The snake-like way she tries to thwart
It gars my heart-strings jar.

"I hint that we should save some cash,
To meet a rainy day ;
But na, she aye has stacks o' bills
To swallow up my pay.

"Should I by ony chance complain,
She quietly sneaks to bed ;
At first this used to mak' me sad,
But now I fear I'm gled.

"I leave the house as sune's I can,
To shun her endless wail ;
To sit wi' her noo mak's me feel
I'd suffer less in gaol.

"She's nae mair feelin' than a stick,
Her heart's as cauld's a stane,
Her cankered temper's run her doon,
Till noo she's skin an' bane.

"Her breast's as flat's a bakin' board,
Her han's resemble claws,
Her aims look like twa spirtle sticks,
Her beak's as sharp's a crow's.

"An' ye should see her as she throws
At me her staney gaze—
She minds me o' the fiends I've seen
In ane o' Shaksper's plays.

"She's ae disease that croons them a',
Though some micht think it funny—
It is that maist things shock her nerves,
Except the soun' o' money.

"The siller gars her wizzened mou
Express a sickly smile ;
Her 'Thank ye,' as she grabs the cash,
Soun's distant half a mile.

"An' a' things that she kens I like,
That's just what she hates maist ;
But for the bairn, I often wish
Her banes were laid at rest.

"An' then the pangs I feel, to think
That a' my hopes are lost—
My dreams o' love a' scattered noo,
Like wreckage on the coast !

"I fairly shiver when I think
Whar this is gaun to en' ;
I feel there's something desperate near,
Unless things turn an' men'.

"So dinna be surprised, my freen,
At onything ye hear :
It's on the cards that I may hae
To pack my traps an' clear."

ON LOSSIE'S BANKS.

When Lossie's bonny larch-clad banks
Were clothed in softest green,
'Twas there, beneath their tasselled boughs,
I wooed and won my Jean.

And as we trod her winding paths,
There surged within my breast
A flood of mingled hopes and fears,
Till I my love confessed.

And when, with sweet responsive smile,
She softly whispered "Yes,"
I clasped her in a fond embrace,
And thanked her with a kiss.

The sunbeams, darting through the trees
In ever westering flight,
Just lingered long enough to say,
"Your love we bless ; Good-night."

The mavis seemed to sing more clear,
The wild rose look more gay,
The lark prolonged his sky-born song
To cheer our homeward way.

The linnet piped among the gorse,
The trout leaped in the stream,
And butterflies came hovering, where
We strayed in love's young dream.

LOCH CORUSK.

ISLE OF SKYE.

What memories would it not recall, could I
But stand on Loch Corusk's wild shore again
To feel but for an hour the solitude
And awful calm of that vast wilderness !
I must not think chance formed yon mountain chain
That bounds her waters in on every side,
Save where the waves from each advancing tide
Leap o'er the cliff to share her rock-bound home,
Without a cause. Nor would the eagle dare
To take his seat on Scuir-na-Gellin's peak
Had not wise Nature's instinct trained his eye
To claim that ancient watch-tower of his race.
There, too, the croaking raven has his home ;
Within the yawning corrie rest his young,
Which he with dark suspicious eye protects,
Where hovering mist, upwreathing, oozes through
The crevices and melts before the sun.
Then, who can stand before those hoary walls
And not reflect upon their glorious past :
For does not every rent that meets the eye
Recall, in monumental form, such scenes
As awed the dauntless soul of brave King Bruce ?
No wilder scene could Nature well devise
Than this, where rugged grandeur stirs the soul,
And makes the blood rush fast through every vein,
Brings up the deeds of Scotland's brave once more,
And wings the memory back a thousand years.
Those dark basaltic peaks that pierce the sky,
Beckoning the mariner far off at sea,
While rushing streams in sinuous forms descend
From ledge to ledge, to seek repose below !
No other scene that e'er my eye beheld
Could take such full possession of the soul,
And make me feel the joy of being free
From narrow creeds and dogmas framed by man,

Yet face to face with that Eternal Power
Whose presence tells that man is least alone
When standing in the deepest solitude.
And now, when many years have passed and gone
Since last I trod the wild Cochullen range,
Impressions that live on from day to day
Confirm the verdict of my early youth:
Of all the scenes that e'er my eyes beheld,
Corusk, for rugged grandeur, reigns supreme.

A NEW YEAR CARD.

TO "LAUCHIE LANG LUGS."

Though time has claimed anither year,
Still you an' I, my freen, are here;
Then let us hae a cup o' cheer
For auld lang syne.

Let's crack o' days noo far awa',
When cares in life we never saw,
An' let us croon a sang or twa
For auld lang syne.

What though we may be growin' auld!
What though our pows be gray or bald!
We'll never let oor hearts grow cauld
For auld lang syne.

Then may we journey to the en'
Wi' happiness aye on the men';
May every blessing us atten'
For auld lang syne.

FRIENDSHIP.

Written to the late John Munro, of Elgin, in 1885. I was twelve years of age when my father died, and this friend came to my rescue, and imparted much sound advice. Our friendship lasted until his death, in 1906, and the following tribute, I feel, falls short of what I would like to express.

I leant upon the old bridge edge,
Above the rustic mill,
And saw the sun's soft rays descend
And sink behind the hill.

I heard the blackbird's ev'ning song,
Melodious in mine ear,
And saw, as twilight closed the day,
The fluttering bat appear.

As home the wandering seagull sailed
Between me and the sky,
I heard the night made welcome with
The owl's weird warning cry.

I watched the Dog-star's ruby lights
Around each other play,
And thought of that All-seeing Power
Whom endless worlds obey—

To whom ten million years of time
Would scarce complete an hour,
Who sees how great worlds live and die,
As we observe a flower.

Thus musing, when before the mind
My past life did appear,
And troubles I had long forgot
Came back again so clear.

I saw when like a child of chance
I wandered to and fro,
Without a father's kind advice
To point which way to go.

How oft upon a peaceful sea
The barque begins to sail,
Which may before she finds her course
Be struggling with the gale !

And then the mind, with subtle skill,
Revealed that spot again,
Where first we met, and friendship true
Began its glorious reign—

Where Lossie's bonnie rippling bend
Flows round by "Mary's Well,"
Where birds, to welcome Spring's first smile,
Their throats with music swell.

There I have crept, with cosy hug,
Close to your manly breast,
While you made light the cares of life
That heavy on me prest—

Where you first trained my youthful mind
With that untiring care,
And bending every forming thought
Life's truest aims to share ;

And while your soothing soft advice
Fell on my listening ear
The hovering mists which veiled my path
Were made to disappear.

I felt as if a father's love
Returned my heart to cheer,
And from that source death long had dried
I drank of waters clear.

As summer showers perfume the briar,
Make straight the drooping flowers,
So fell your sage advice on me
In life's most needful hours.

As vines spread out their fruitful boughs
To catch the sun's soft rays,
So did my mind mature itself
On life's real worth to gaze.

New hopes and expectations flashed
Like streamers o'er my mind,
Which told that I life's dreamy past
Must ever leave behind.

And while on Time's unebbing tide
I drift from year to year,
I feel the joys of friendship true
Gives life its greatest cheer.

What soothes for us the grief we feel ?
What makes life's burden light ?
What blots our disappointments out
As morning does the night ?

What warms to life those noble thoughts
And aspirations grand ?
What, like the Gulf Stream's genial flow,
Extends from land to land ?

'Tis Friendship, God's most holy law,
And our Lord's blest command ;
'Tis written on the Great White Throne
Before which angels stand.

Then may we tend towards that goal,
Advancing day by day,
To stand before that God whose will
Suns countless must obey.

And when that mighty filter, Time,
My soul from earth sets free,
As now, so in eternity,
We steadfast friends shall be.

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

Read by the Earl of Glasgow, K.C.M.G., Governor of New Zealand, at the centenary banquet, held in Wellington, New Zealand, on the 21st July, 1896.

Within a humble Scottish home,
One hundred years to-day,
The soul of Scotland's bard forsook
Its tenement of clay.

Then passed from earth the greatest mind
That Scotland ever knew ;
And even take the world itself,
His like you'll find but few.

With honest, manly, loving heart
'Gainst poverty he bore,
And had to struggle hard through life
To keep it from his door.

He left behind those noble works
To cheer us day by day,
To help us through the cares of life
We meet upon our way.

And though he loved his native land
With warm, devoted care,
The meanest mite in Nature's scheme
His sympathies could share.

He laboured that the human race
One brotherhood might be,
That love and friendship's dearest ties
Might stretch from sea to sea.

His grand inspiring flights of thought
Must ever upward soar ;
For they reflect the real in man,
And fire him to the core.

And centuries hence his fame shall stand
The same while each returns,
And men will meet as we do now
To honour ROBERT BURNS.

THE BOWLING TOURNAMENT.

These lines were written in 1886, when the first bowling tournament ever held in Wellington, New Zealand, took place. This tournament was a very great success, and had a great deal to do with the popularity of the game of bowls to-day.

For weeks an' weeks afore the time
They started to prepare
To mak' their Bowlin' Tournament
A really gran' affair.

Then committees for this an' that
Were made frae day to day,
An' a' was done by every one
To get it under way.

That summer morn was scarcely born
Afore they had begun,
An' ilka man put to his han'
Preparing for the fun.

They brought a tent that some ane lent,
Wi' ropes to keep it straight,
An' pots an' pans, an' grates an' stans
O' maist enormous weight.

We'd flags on poles, an' flags themsels
Hung roun' aboot the wa';
Some thought "this here," some thought "this
there,"
Would mak' the place look braw.

Some cawd the roller up an' doon,
Some ran aboot the banks;
Some dug oot holes for haudin' poles,
An' some nailed up the planks.

Some cried "Dae this," some cried "Dae that,"
Some cried that baith were wrang,
An' some seemed cryin' at theirsels,
To help the wark alang.

Then cairts an' cabs, wi' bowls an' slabs,
Were stannin' roun' the door ;
An' bowlers cam frae far an' near,
An' gathered by the score.

We'd biscuit-tins frae Gray and Dunn's,
An' kists o' blended teas,
An' stacks o' loaves a' stannin' roun',
An' dawds o' hame-made cheese.

We'd hampers crammed wi' lemonade,
An' jars o' mountain-dew,
An' kegs o' beer, baith brisk an' clear,
To slake each thirsty mou.

Then bowls an' jacks, an' cawk an' mats,
Were laid upon the green ;
Men tearin' here, men tearin' there,
Men gien their bowls a clean.

Some lost their coats, some wet their throats,
While some got under way ;
Some gang to draw, to see which twa
Wad meet to play that day.

Then, after mony oots an' ins,
At last they get begun ;
An' fowks a' dressed up in their best
Stan' roun' to see the fun.

Then some get ane, an' some get nane—
Some's measurin' for twa ;
Some's scowlin' angry at their men,
Some layin' doon the law.

Some ramp an' stamp, an' stamp an' ramp,
 Because the bowl's owre far;
 Some roar "Come in," some roar "Keep oot,"
 Some roar "Stop whaur ye are."

Some's growlin' here, some's praisin' there,
 Baith up the green an' doon;
 Some's ca'd the best, some's ca'd the worst
 That ever stood in shoon.

Till a' the green's in sic a steer,
 That mak's onlookers stare;
 An' then come cheers an' counter-cheers,
 That fairly rend the air.

* * * *

The game is owre, an' ilka four,
 Whae'ver's lost or won,
 Shake han's a' roun', an' ilka loon
 Laughs hearty at the fun.

Then roun' the festive board that nicht
 Went story, toast, an' sang,
 An' ilka guest said 'twas the best
 Nicht he had spent for lang.

Freens cracked wi' freens—there were nae foes
 That nicht amang them a',
 For a' life's pangs were drooned wi' sangs,
 An' care thrown to the wa'.

Tho' freens can meet, yet freens maun part,
 But freenship ne'er grows aul';
 We a' joined han's tae "Auld Lang Syne"
 Just as the clock struck twall.

A WELCOME TO MAJOR-GENERAL SIR
HECTOR MACDONALD.

This poem was written at the time Sir Hector Macdonald paid his visit to Wellington, New Zealand, when that distinguished soldier made his tour of the colonies in 1901.

With heart and hand we welcome you
To our far-distant isle,
Whence we have watched your deeds of fame
From India to the Nile—

Deeds which have sent a thrill of joy
The British Empire through;
But most of all the Scottish race
Has cause for pride in you.

They feel and share that glory most
Which you so nobly won;
It adds to Scotland's scroll of fame
Another hero son.

As Hector fought, in days of old,
To crush the Grecian sway,
With dauntless heart and nerves of steel,
So Hector fights to-day.

But may you never share the fate
Of Priam's greatest son;
May no Achilles cross your path
Till Nature's course be run.

Long may you wield your trusty blade,
With courage, skill, and might,
To guard the British flag that waves
For freedom and for right.

THE BOWLER.

Written by request as a Christmas card for the
Northern Bowling Association of New Zealand, in 1901.

When growin' showers begin to fa',
Wi' sun-blinks in between,
The bowler lang's ance mair to meet
Auld cronies on the green.

He feels a social game o' bowls
Wad banish a' his care;
His aches an' pains, frae winter left,
He kens it wad repair.

He fechts his battles owre again,
Reca's the mirth an' fun;
He min's o' games that "drives" hae lost,
An' games that "draws" hae won.

Anticipations swell his breast
While he reviews the past,
To think hoo muckle he'll improve
On this year's play frae last.

So when the startin' day comes roun'
He's there wi' bowls, an' keen
To cheer the opener as he throws
The first "Jack" doon the green.

An' noo he sends his compliments
To bowlers far an' near,
An' hopes they'll a' hae stacks o' luck
Throughout the comin' year.

CORONATION ODE : KING EDWARD VII.

Britannia's heralds now proclaim,
With trumpets sounding clear,
"To-day we crown our Sov'reign King
And Queen, whom all revere."

Within yon ancient Abbey walls
Earth's overlords now meet ;
From every clime they come to lay
Their homage at his feet.

They'll take their stand among the tombs
Of heroes long at rest,
Who laboured oft that Britain's rights
Might never be oppressed.

Some of the nations saw with joy
Great Britain forced to war ;
Nor dreamt they that the strife would end
And leave her stronger far :

They hoped the dreadful fight would prove
The death-blow to our power ;
Hov'ring like vultures scenting prey,
They wait her dying hour.

False hopes were theirs : the Motherland,
Helped by each daughter State,
Sent forth her valiant armed hosts
To conquer soon or late.

Companionship on blood-stained fields
To stay the Empire's fall
Hath drawn all British people close,
Fast binding one and all.

Now strongly, kindly, self-possessed,
Hedged in by daughter States,
The Empire, gen'rous in her might,
May mitigate past hates.

Britannia crowns her gracious King
'Mid chiming bells of peace:
God grant that during Edward's reign
Their echoes may not cease !

For blessings from that Power on high
Let joyful voices call:
'Tis God alone who guides aright ;
Without His aid we fall.

We raise our voices in God's name ;
Let all the Empire sing,
"Long life to him, our Sov'reign Lord ;
God bless our Queen and King."

LIFE.

Life ! What is Life ! Man cannot tell ;
He fails to solve this mystery.
Behind the protoplasmic cell
There seems for him no history.
Dares he then hope the veil to rend
And further light on Life to throw ?
If e'er his powers beyond extend,
Then must he know as God can know.

The rocks, formed in a distant age,
Reveal the story of their prime ;
Man may discern on many a page
A truthful record of its time.
Yet well he knows each story's new—
Quite other than what's gone before—
That Life was old before it threw
Its weary self on earth's hard floor.

Man sees that in each thousand years
Some phase of life has ceased to be ;
Sees how the old life, trembling, fears
Some new and better life set free.
How wondrous does all this appear !
As if some great eternal plan
Had been announced, in accents clear—
The earth must be prepared for man.

From myst'ry's gloom now Man appears
To claim the earth as his abode ;
For ever seeks, in spite of fears,
To learn the nature of his God.
For this he strives from age to age—
To find life's real revealing clue ;
As yet he cannot read life's page,
Still less may gain connected view.

He sees the constellations shine
Throughout yon peerless dome of blue,
And longs to know the Power Divine
That wills what work they all shall do.

Nor does it awe him less to find
How far the chain of life extends ;
Beyond the grasp of finite mind
To clearly see of life the trends.

To comprehend the depths profound
Is still his own appointed task ;
No matter when or where he's found,
He never fails himself to ask,
In earnest tones, " What can I know ?
Whence came I to this present state,
And whither leads the way I go,
And what will be my final fate ? "

These questions twine round every phase
Of thought that stirs the human soul.
Led ever on by Hope's bright rays,
Man bravely strives to reach his goal.
E'en from the cradle to the grave
He trudges on his weary way ;
He feels he has a soul to save,
And so toils on through life's long day.

The ages ran their weary course
Ere man's crude mind had power to know ;
" Outside " he hoped to find the cause
Whence comes all human weal or woe.
But when he clearly saw at last
That in the soul his welfare lay,
Rejoicing that the night was past,
He hailed with joy the coming day.

Thus on, through all the centuries down,
Man fain would make life's myst'ry clear,
Would know the source of smile or frown
That fills his soul with joy or fear.
He asks on to his dying hour
Why he's enchained by " Limit's " thrall :
He seems to crave unbounded power,
Completest mast'ry of the " All."

Again, and yet again, some light man found,
And thought that victory was in sight ;
Then tried to reach it at a bound—
Too great a task for finite might !
Yet, though he failed, he surely saw
More clearly into Nature's scheme ;
He learned through God's eternal law
That life was not an idle dream.

Though knowledge, ready, close at hand,
Seemed to surround him everywhere,
He found some Power, in full command,
That taught him "Limit" was his share.
Then nobly did he strive to find
What it were best for him to do,
But soon confessed his finite mind
Had intermixed the false and true.

As soon as Reason filtered through
It soothed and calmed his restless brain ;
He paused, 'mid wonders ever new,
And sources learned of joy and pain.
Still complications soon began,
Of which he could not find the cause ;
He knew that life must have a plan,
But failed to find its hidden laws.

He feels he is not left alone
To fret through life, and then to die ;
He is, and was, in all things done
Before the sun shone in the sky.
In all the æons has he been
And still remains a living soul ;
Again he'll join the Great Unseen
When life has reached its final goal.

Let man on his surroundings gaze,
And learn that mind can but recall :
The store of knowledge he displays
He brought from that mysterious "All."

The everlasting "Yea," behind,
Will cheer him on his doubting way,
And make him hope to truly find
The "real" behind this mere display.

He sees how all that now appears
Comes to an end, like summer shower;
Some things may stand a million years,
While others pass within the hour.
To Man eternity proclaims
Mere things of "Time" must cease to be;
The work of "Time" for man but frames
The thought that wand'ring mind sets free.

While man some myst'ry seeks behind
The strange phenomena in view,
He ne'er may hope that he will find
The One Great Mind that runs all through.
For him all matter found in space
Is but a huge dividing screen
That shuts him out till scarce a trace
Of God from thence is to be seen.

Does not phenomena enfold
The ripest thought in "Being's" store?
In them alone can man behold
The widespread "One" that's "Being's" core.
The modes of that Eternal Power
Are seen revealed in clearest light:
Lo! yonder sun, that tiny flower,
Are parts, were they but read aright.

The "Silent All," that cannot err,
Evolves the universal plan.
For us of this there is a share:
The Deity shines forth in man.
When he these truths can once descry
He'll surely strive for what is best,
And cease to search beyond the sky
For that which lies within his breast.

A TINY CUP OF TEA.

Have you ever marked the patience
That a gossip will bestow
When she's hunting round for scandal
Which she really wants to know?
When she's fairly on the war-path
It's a wond'rous sight to see
How a molehill's made a mountain
O'er a tiny cup of tea.

There's the canny, pious shop-wife,
As she sits behind her wares,
With her face o'erspread with sorrow
For some neighbour's mixed affairs;
To the customers she's serving
It is plain there's going to be
Very soon a first-class scandal
For their tiny cup of tea.

When the gossip picks the victim
Whom she wishes to molest,
Then good feeling is polluted
By the venom in her breast;
And conjured faults are brought to light,
That her cronies all may see
Both her goodness and her wisdom
O'er their tiny cup of tea.

There are friends—you meet them often
As you journey on through life—
Who can tell you to perfection
How to shun besetting strife;
Yet, when once they find you stranded,
To the gossips they will flee,
To inform them of your downfall,
O'er their tiny cup of tea.

There are friends so patronizing,
Who will vow they're staunch and true—
Will declare if you're in trouble
They feel bound to see you through ;
Yet when once they know you trust them,
Then you'll find yourself at sea—
'Tis this friend who caused the trouble
O'er a tiny cup of tea.

You may think if you're but honest
That the rest will all come right,
But you do not know the rapids
Round the bend you have to fight ;
For the crafty man will often
Make you out the robber-bee,
When he sits among the gossips
With his tiny cup of tea.

Yet I always have compassion
For the gossips whom I meet,
As I know their occupation
Runs them nearly off their feet ;
And I know it's very seldom
That their clients join the spree—
I suppose they think they're happy
O'er their tiny cup of tea.

There's nothing but ingratitude
For the work they daily do ;
They sometimes may neglect their homes,
But they'll see the scandal through.
As we know this can't be pleasant,
Let them rail at you and me
If it gives them consolation
O'er their tiny cup of tea.

CONDOLENCE.

A SATIRE.

TO THE RIGHT HON. R. J. SEDDON, P.C.

At the time this satire was written there happened to be a Senate, or general assembly of the Presbyterian clergy, sitting in Wellington, which passed a resolution censuring Mr. Seddon for making up a party to go fishing on a certain Sabbath previous to that date. This statement Mr. Seddon strongly repudiated soon afterwards at a large political meeting held at Invercargill, and this stopped all further discussion on the subject.

Oh, Dick, ye surely didna mean
Tae say sic awfu' things yestreen?
Ye'll bring a judgment doon, I ween,
Wi' muckle skaith,
An' ye'll be branded "Daddy Green"
By a' the claith.

They'll chase ye like a byke o' bees,
For daurin' say their charge was lees,
'Boot gaun tae fish, an' snuff the breeze,
That sacred day.
They thocht ye'd come on bended knees
Wi' them tae pray.

Had ye but gane an' asked permission
Tae lay your faut afore the Session,
They'd welcomed ye tae your confession
Wi' cheerfu' e'e,
Syne pointed oot your great transgression
An' set ye free.

But ye tae tell them plain an' plump
As gin ye didna care a dump
Was waur than caw'n them owre the rump
Wi' a' yer nicht.
Ye ken they'd suner thole the thump
Than bear the slicht.

Nae only that, but then ye said
As some were fishers born an' bred—
That James had, maybe, plied his trade,
Gin a' was kent,
By sometimes gien a Sunday spread
Tae help the rent.

Ye ken their een's in ilka nook ;
They ken wha gangs tae fish an' douk ;
Nae matter be't in sea or brook,
It's a' the same—
They clash an' crawl, aye on the lock
Tae get your name.

To ye wha sit in places heigh
They ever keep especially nigh ;
When a' ye seem tae dae an' try
Is noted doon,
An' syne they raise a hue an' cry
Owre a' the toun.

The likes o' me they never heed—
We're nae worth pouther, far less lead—
We a' may just as well be deid
For a' they care ;
Ane, here an' there, nicht wag his heid,
But naething mair.

I think hoo different things wad stan'
Gin, like yersel, they'd mark the lan',
Tak every progress by the han'
That helps the people ;
But na, they'll only understan'
Their kirk an' steeple.

Frae simple apprehensive thocht
They winna budge a single jot.
They only wha believe the lot
May claim their care ;
The ithers widna fetch a groat
At rowp or fair.

The hidden truths on Nature's page
Which man discerns frae age tae age,
They warn us nae tae this engage,
Tae ca' for evil,
For fear the Powers micht in their rage
Sen's tae the Devil.

But would that Power hae e'er designed,
An' gien tae man his complex mind,
Had He not wished him here tae find
What's best tae do—
Tae trace himsel wi' a' combined
Richt through an' through.

They fail to grasp that he whase lead
Is chosen for the people's need
Need fash nae parson's rail or screed,
Nor by-lane rant :
Ye are the man whase well-stowed heid
Supplies their want.

Gin they wha claim the care o' man
Wad watch when Judgment leads the van,
Then gang an' gie a helpin' han'
In timely season,
An' smooch their way towards the dawn
O' licht an' reason,

The joy on earth sic wark wad bring
Wad gar the very angels sing,
An' life wad lose a bitter sting
For you an' me—
The great millennium's glorious spring
We then micht see.

As lang's the creeds sae widely differ,
 An' ca' each ither rogues, an' rougher,
 Can but agree the wrang they suffer
 Frae Reason's glower—
 They ken that jade's the brake an' buffer
 That checks their power—

Sae lang as lasts this human fray,
 An' creeds be framed frae day tae day,
 Poor blind contentment yields a prey
 For a' their needs.
 Despite this strife the germ holds sway
 That ne'er recedes.

So I'm content to say good-bye,
 An' trust my all to Him on heigh;
 Let ithers evil prophesy,
 Or what they care,
 I am convinced, when Time rolls by,
 We'll a' be There.

FAREWELL TO THE FIFTH CONTINGENT.

At the luncheon to the Contingent on Saturday, March 31st, 1900, the Premier recited the following verses, composed for the occasion by the author of this book.

To join those Britons now in arms
 Our brave lads sail to-day:
 God grant them strength to help to right
 The wrongs at Table Bay!

For they are soldiers of our Queen,
 Imperial to the core;
 For Britain's rights they leave their homes
 To fight against the Boer.

The sons of English, Irish, Scotch,
And Welsh, go hand in hand
To make the British rule supreme
In that far-distant land,

And show our mighty Empire's foes
Her vast resource and power—
That we in our Pacific homes
Keep watchmen in the tower

To guard the glorious flag that waves
For freedom to the world,
Declaring equal rights to all
Where'er it is unfurled.

They're gathering there from every clime,
Brave men and comrades true,
In answer to their country's call,
Prepared to dare and do.

All worthy sons of noble sires,
Whose mem'ries we adore—
Who made the history of the past,
And sealed it with their gore.

And all "our boys" can fight as well
As those of days gone by :
While British blood runs in their veins,
There's one thing sure—they'll try.

Then onward ! On, ye Fighting Fifth !
Let all the nations know
New Zealand's sons have British hearts,
And pluck to fight the foe.

A DAY'S FISHING AT THE ROCKS O' BIRNIE.

The Rocks o' Birnie, on the river Lossie, are some five or six miles beyond the town of Elgin. They are the only falls worth mentioning on the whole river. Towards the end of July or beginning of August the sea-trout leave the sea and make for the upper reaches of the river. When they reach the falls they find considerable difficulty in passing them, and the fishers often have good sport at that point. The writer has seen as many as twenty fishers, of all classes, on a remarkably small space of projecting rock, and it was a sight once seen never to be forgotten.

Ye birkies a' wha splash in Spey
Wi' fancy rods an' tackle,
Or potter in the Sluie Pool
Wi' Findhorn's favourite heckle,

Should ye incline tae see guid sport,
Be guided ance by me,
An' I'll convey ye tae a place
Whaur fishing real ye'll see.

I'll tak ye tae that famous bend
They ca' the Dun Coo's Loup,
Whaur ye will hae tae watch yer gait,
Or else ye're sure tae cowp.

For when ye cross the Trimlin Brig,
Gaun roun' tae Pinty's toun,
Ye'll think for sure that we alane
Wad ever venture doon.

But ere ye scramble tae the rock
Projectin' owre the Lossie,
Ye'll fin' a score or twa are there
Wi' lines crossed owre like crochet.

Ye'll hear the clink o' bait-box lids
Fast hurried aff an' on,
While some are busy drawing corks
Tae hae a drap o' "yon."

An' some are cutting lumps o' lead
Tae mak a bigger sinker,
While ithers swear that Wastle Jock
Is but a greedy tinker.

"Rods up there, lads," cries Dyer Jim,
"For I hae hooked anither,"
While Weak Ribs whispers tae his chum
"Its awfu' weetin' weather."

There's Cockle Jock frae Blin'sieve Mains,
Wi' fresh worms in a bag,
An' owre his head he swings his rod
He cut frae mang the hag.

An' there's auld Pinty gotten ane—
See't on his button hingin';
An' Col, wha's lost his braw new cast,
Wi' boilin' rage is singin'.

An' Mac, who thocht he felt a bite,
Let drive wi' sic a splatter,
Which broke his rod—the upper half
Fell splash intae the water.

An' how he swore, I wadna tell,
Nor sin mysel tae min',
While he was bandagin' the wound
Wi' Naughtie's best-spun twine.

There's Sandy, wi' his snouted cap,
Determined for tae go,
While Donald urges him tae stop
An' try a bit o' roe.

“Na, na,” says he, “I’ve fished sax oors,
An’ never ta’en a bane;
This hole wad need a sink the weight
O’ Norrie’s big lap-stane.”

There’s Jamie, see, he’s gotten twa—
Richt proud is he this day,
Till Davie slipped his fit, an’ kicked
Jim’s bait-box mang the spray.

But Coughin’ Jock was close at han’,
Wha courts Jim’s sister Meg;
He sune gies angry Jim fresh bait
Frae oot his stockin’ leg.

King Crispin like, Joe’s whippin’t up,
Wi’ boots up owre his knees,
But presently his hooks he’s tryin’
Tae find among the trees.

A draper loon, ca’d Tricker Heels,
The Tailor’s Pool was tryin’;
Wi’ his first cast he followed fast,
An’ loud for help was cryin’.

An’ Benjy, wha’d got ravelled up,
Ca’d Shepherd Rab a calf;
While Wastle swore his finest fish
Was changed by Twa-an-half.

Some loons were chewing sandwiches,
An’ some were striking spunks,
An’ some were rubbing hard their han’s,
While ithers had the funks.

An’ some had ventured rather far
Wi’ Duff’s “Glen Lossie dew”;
Still, tho’ they crawled on han’s an’ knees,
Ye couldna ca’ them fou.

But Anderson owre a' was king—
He creeled a score that day,
Though ithers wha got nane declared
It wasna wi' fair play.

But Geordie eyed a spot whaur he
Was sure the fish were lyin',
And for tae reach that ither side
Wi' a' his micht was tryin'.

Then wi' a "Ance, twice, thrice," he drew
His rod oot owre his shouter,
Though little did he think the stroke
Wad cause sae muckle bother.

And though he took a deadly aim,
He dreaded some mischanter,
For something touched his line ahint
That gart it tak a canter.

Then crossways owre some dozen lines
His buckshot struck the water,
An' they wha tried tae draw oot clear
But added tae the splatter.

Then sure eneuch the Deil that day
Amang them was presented,
For oaths tae baffle e'en himsel
Were there and then invented.

A' those wha sat for hours on en'
In silent expectation
Gave vent tae a' their blasted hopes
At this renewed vexation.

A score o' voices rose as ane,
Wi' shrieks o' wild despair;
Some pou'd tae get their lines apart,
While ithers tore their hair.

A few stood back in black disgust,
An' never seemed to stir,
Yet muttered something tae theirsels
That wasna meant for "Sir."

A voice cried oot tae tak a knife
An' cut awa the sinkers,
But Geordie screamed, "You cut my line,
I'll punch ye on the blinkers."

But heavy rain began tae fa',
An' nicht was wearin' roun',
So I gaed scramblin' up the brae
An' aff towards the toun.

How they a' finished up that day
I really never heard—
If e'er the "Rocks" ye'd like tae see,
Just drop me owre yer card.

THE JUBILEE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Ye Hearts of Oak and Britons true,
Be joyful all the Empire through.
With gladness let your cheers go forth
To tell we feel the sterling worth
Of Glorious Victoria.

With honour crown her Jubilee,
Whose happy reign has kept us free,
And let each tribute to her fame
Be worthy of the Empire's name
And Queen Victoria.

Since British honour leads the van,
We'll do our duty, to a man :
As you to-day in concord meet
We lay our tribute at the feet
Of Great Victoria.

Remember that to-day our Queen
For fifty years has Sovereign been,
And by her virtue, love, and grace
Still reigns revered by all her race—
August Victoria !

Then up, New Zealand, young and fair,
By Nature blest with fullest share
Of bounties teeming from her store !
Your sons and daughters all adore
Victoria.

Display our loyal banner high,
Whose "Union" dares the world defy ;
Be justly proud that we may claim
To glory in that mighty name—
Victoria.

Show her that on New Zealand's shore,
Where all are British to the core,
We can combine with keenest sense
To pay our loyal recompense
To Wise Victoria.

Then may the British Empire be
'Mid peace and plenty ever free,
And long may she the sceptre sway
Who's taught us from the heart to say
"God Bless Good Queen Victoria."

A WEET DAY.

As I sat by the ingle-neuk
The win' soughed doon the lum ;
The rain scrolled on the window-panes,
"Expect nae freens tae come."

The cat full length lay at her ease
Afore me on the hearth,
While I had read mysel' near blin'
'Boot voyages roun' the earth.

At length I rose tae snod the fire,
An' hae anither smoke ;
But just as I drew oot my pipe
There came a sudden knock.

The dog leaped oot frae 'neath the chair ;
The cat, too, ceased tae snore ;
An' I kept wonnerin' wha 't could be,
While makin' for the door.

An' there my auld freen' Peddie stood,
As weet's a droukit hen.
I asked him in, then steek't the door,
An' tell'd him tae gang ben,

While I made for the ither room
An' brought him ben the bottle ;
An' syne I spier't hoo he had been,
An' bade him weet his throttle.

"A' richt," he said, "an' hoo's yersel ?
Though I need hardly spier ;
Yer lookin' twice the man ye was
The last time I was here.

"I ken ye'll wonner hoo I cam
This far on sic a day ;
But I was anxious ye should ken
What oor fowk hae tae say.

"See, here's a paper sent to me
Frae my freen Willie Cable."
Wi' this he tore the wrapper aff,
An' spread it on the table.

Saying "There it is, as large as life,
The 'Scot,' my boy, the 'Scot.'
It gies ye a' the news worth while,
An' only costs a groat."

Then, as he pushed the paper owre,
I gied my specks a dicht,
Then hurried owre a page or twa.
An' saw my freen was richt.

The style was a' sae fresh an' new
It fairly took my e'e,
I asked him if he wadna min'
Tae len' 't a week tae me.

"A week," said he, wi' great surprise,
"Man, keep it a'thegither,
I nearly ken it word for word,
An' wish I had anither."

This set us talkin' bygone days,
When we were loons at hame,
Where we gaed rampin' through the wuds,
When care was but a name.

Of course, we had anither dram,
Tae keep oor mem'ries green—
Its wonnerfu' the help it gies
Tae entertain a freen.

But a' things human hae their day,
 So we got through oor crack,
 Then gied my freen a Scotch convey
 An' hoped he'd sune come back.

A TRIBUTE TO THE REV. J. ALWYN EWEN.

This tribute was written when, in 1904, Mr. Alwyn Ewen came to Wellington, New Zealand, and gave a series of most successful recitals on the "Kailyard" literature of Scotland.

I was pleased wi' yer stories, sae far as ye went,
 Thocht my time an' my money were very well spent,
 For there's naething on earth makes me feel mair
 content

Than tae meet wi' a chiel
 Wha can trim mem'ry's lamp, an' reveal ye what's
 meant,
 An' compel ye tae feel.

Though the gamut o' Nature ye touched on was
 sma',
 An' the "claith" got the credit o' near daen't a',
 Still I'm nae findin' faut wi' yersel, min', ava ;
 For that wadna be richt,
 Since ye brought back the scenes o' my hame far awa
 As I listened each nicht,

Wi' the cares o' "Drumtochty" my ain were forgot,
Wi' the weavers o' "Thrums," too, I threw in my lot,
An' felt willin' tae slip a' the gear that I'd got

Quietly intae yer han'.

Though a lump like an apple seemed stuck in my
throat,

Still I thought it was gran'.

As the stories went on I was nudged by my freen,
Wha exclaimed, "Man, that's fine," as he dichted his
een,

Then he added, "I'm sorry I missed yestreen,

But I'll nae miss the rest,

For there's naething like Scotch when ye get it weel
dune,

An' he's ane o' the best."

Then I tried hard tae quiet him, an' said he was
richt,

But he only sat closer an' grippit me ticht,

Pit his mou to my lug an' his heid in my licht

As he tried tae explain,

An' he spoke o' the places ye mentioned that nicht

As gin they'd been his ain.

But since ye cam amang us I'm safe when I say
That ye gladdened oor hearts like a bricht summer's
day;

For mysel', I was wafted richt back tae the Spey,

Where the pine forests sigh. [A knock.

My freen's ca'd tae tell me ye're still gaun tae stay,

So I'll nae say good-bye.

COMMENTS.

TO TAMMAS BODKIN, ESQ.

This poem was written to correct the editor of the "People's Journal" when he made the mistake of thinking that I was a native of the Isle of Skye. The following appeared in that paper on the 2nd July, 1898:—

It wad appear that in the notice I gied a guid while syne o' Mr. John McGlashan, o' Wellington, New Zealand, I made a sma' mistak' as to the place o' his birth an' upbringin'. In noticin' his budget o' "sangs an' poems" I pentit Mr. McGlashan as being a "full-fledged son o' Skye"; but he wreats tellin' me that the place o' his birth an' breedin' wasna Skye, but Elgin, in Morayshire. Weel, I'm unco sorry to hae to deprive Skye o' the honour I had mistakenly heapit upon her, but it canna be helpit.

"Facks are chiel's that winna ding,
An' daurna be disputit."

Be it known, then, to a' men, an' women likewise, that the birthplace o' Mr. John McGlashan, the clever New Zealand poet, was Morayshire—no the Isle o' Skye, as I statit in the notice I gied o' his bonnie sangs an' poems. Dod after a', it was a real luckie mistak' I made, for it has garred the "Moray loon" mount his Pegasus to pit me richt, whilk he does i' the followin' clever bit poem, addressed to "Tammas Bodkin":—

Dear Tammas, judge o' my surprise
When I sat down yestreen
o read your worthy paper owre,
When this should meet my een:—

"A Hielan'man frae tap to tae!"
"Preserve the man," says I;
What ever pit it in his head
That I belang to Skye?

Me—wha first saw the licht o' day
In Moray's chiefest toun :
It's been the boast through a' my life
That I'm a "Moray loon."

I've been to Skye an' seen Corusk,
But only as a stranger,
An' climbed the wild Cochullen Range,
Rejoicin' in the danger.

But when ye talk o' troutin' streams
That gurgle through the broom
I feel as if within my breast
My heart had hardly room.

O' them I dearly like to hear—
Maist ilka pool I ken ;
I've fished them a' wi' bait an' fly,
An' hope to dae't again.

Maybe wi' cronies o' lang syne
Some day I may foregather,
Tae crack a joke whaur Lossie twines
Amang the birks an' heather.

But there—eneuch's as gude's a feast,
So I will say guid-bye.
I think I've made it clear to you
I dinna come frae Skye.

EPISTLE TO "THE SCOT AT HAME AN'
ABROAD."

The reason I wrote this epistle to "The Scot at Hame an' Abroad" was the fact that I had not contributed to the paper for some considerable time, and still the paper came to hand as usual.

Dear "Mr. Scot," pray dinna think
'Tis want o' paper, pen, or ink,
Nor yet the will, that I should jink
 Sae lang your paper ;
But when the Muse ance taks a kink
 It's hard tae richt her.

The jade's been playin' hide-an'-seek
Frae month tae month, an' week tae week ;
Sometimes she cam tae gie a keek,
 But that was a'.
She came yestreen, wi' blushin' cheek,
 Tae men' the flaw.

I needna tell ye I was glad,
Though ne'er a word tae her I said ;
I wondered if the fickle jade
 Was playin' fair ;
But when she came an' stroked my head
 I huffed nae mair.

Noo that I ken she's came tae stay,
I'll dae the best I can ilk day,
An' sen' a screed or twa your way
 As sune's I can :
That ye've been kind, I needna say,
 As ony man.

For months, without a single jot,
You've sent alang your valued "Scot"—
E'en though the cost is but a groat,
That disna matter :
The feelin's there without a blot—
What could be better ?

The way ye foster ilka clan
That springs tae licht within your lan'
Is reason why the "Scot" should stan'
Aboon the rest ;
Frae there o' Scottish news that's gaun
We get the best.

There's "Hugh," wha watches weel at hame,
O' a' that's new he sends the cream ;
Your "Lauchie" seems tae gang by steam,
Or else wi' feathers.
His lugs maun rax whaur nane wad dream,
The news he gathers !

An' then there's "Wagget," honest chiel,
He does his best tae serve ye weel ;
Though he has trouble in his creel
He pegs awa :
A jealous wife's a perfect deil,
An' hard tae ca'.

We see the "Potties" aye in trouble ;
Just whaur they shouldna, there they nibble ;
Their clash-ma-claiver bursts the bubble,
Sets freens ablaze,
An' syne crawl roun' as if a stubble
Had pierced their taes.

There's lots o' ithers come an' go
Wad like tae see your paper grow,
Though, like mysel, they're sometimes slow.
Still, dinna fret ;
Frac them some day may "copy" flow
Tae fill your crate.

I ken ae thing I wadna rue—
That is, tae meet your chosen few.
We'd hae a nicht ! Though I got fou,
That wadna matter.
If needs, I'd quietly nurse my brow
Till it got better.

But here the line I'd better draw
Than risk my ridin' for a fa',
Pit Pegasus intae his sta'
An' see him richt ;
So 'fore I lat the curtain fa'
I'll say "Guid nicht."

REPLY TO "LAUCHIE."

The writing of the Reply was the outcome of "Lauchie's" favourable comments on the Epistle in the following issue of "The Scot at Hame an' Abroad."

I've aften heard my mither say
That wonners never cease ;
An' she was richt, for ilka year
I see how they increase.

It's bad enough when comets ca'
Tae lash us wi' their tails,
When godly fowk in kirks maun hide
Aroun' the altar rails ;

While ithers crouch in cellars dark,
Close up again' the wa',
An', breathless, wait the oor tae come
When they'll be whisked awa.

A' this was naething tae the fricht
I got wi' last week's "Scot,"
For when I cam tae read page twall
I near gaed aff my "dot."

The first glance gart me kick the cat,
Wha flew aneath the bed ;
Then on the hearth I fand my pipe,
Clean stumpit by the heid.

I nearly cowped the lamp as weel
While drawn't owre tae see
Gin I was really readin' richt—
That it was meant for me.

I calmed mysel' as weel's I could,
An' scanned the heidin' through,
Then sat bolt up, spier't at mysel',
"What's ever comin' noo ?"

I read on tiptaes at the first,
Till ance I faun' the keynote,
An' then I spared nae pains at a'
Till I had read the hale o't.

An' lat me say, atween oorsel's,
I thocht it mighty fine,
But dinna ye lat "Lauchie" ken ;
I wished it had been mine.

Tae learn that he was author o't
Cam as a big surprise ;
Still, there it is, an' facts, ye ken,
We canna weel disguise.

Noo that I ken his kindly heart
Is wedded tae the Muse,
I'll sen' him owre a screed mysel'
And lat him ken my views.

Ye maunna think that I begrudge
The clever rhymin' chiel;
Far frae't—I'm proud tae get in touch
Wi' ane can dae sae weel.

Is friendship nae the saut o' life?
Aye, an' the sugar tae;
An' they wha seek tae pass it by
Are made of roughest clay.

An', min' ye, I regret fu' sair
We've strangers been sae lang;
Oor meetin' micht, for a' ye ken,
Be solemnized in sang,

An' handed doon wi' rev'rent care
Tae future generations,
An' maybe get translated, tae,
Through a' the foreign nations.

I tell'd ye wonners never cease,
Sae keep that fact in view;
Maybe frae "Lauchie, Mac, an' Co."
Ye'll see this a' come true.

At ony rate we'll ca' awa
An' dae the best we can;
Lat's dae oor duty while we're here,
An' lat the ither stan'.

Were I——But here comes owre the hill,
In full eclipse, the mune;
Then lat me say "Guid nicht" the noo,
But ken I'll write ye sune.

A PHILOSOPHICAL FRAGMENT.

Is not Philosophy a golden key
That part unlocks the chambers of our thought,
Though some its power deny ?
At heart such doubters deem that 'tis a curse
The world were well without,
While those who trust in philosophic thought
Are said to work against the Great Supreme.
At best the scope of finite mind is small,
But in worst case are they who can't descry
The wondrous truths Philosophy unfolds.
For them the lamp of Reason burns in vain—
Its light is dimmed by mystery and doubt,
And powerless to illumine the inmost soul ;
The Infinite, to whom they look for aid,
Is not the "All."
True flights of thought seem quite beyond their
scope ;
The Swamp of Common-sense remains their sea ;
All those who dare to pass beyond its bounds
They brand as fools.
Yet why ?
Does not that spurious infinite of theirs
Keep ever changing with the mind of man ?
What age has left it where it was before ?
But philosophic truths will not convince
The mind that will not try to read life's page,
Nor from its view the murky curtain roll—
Such seeks its goal among the wreathing mists
And heeds not Reason's call.

THE MOSS-GROWN PATH.

A DREAM.

The moss-grown path gives cool retreat
Beneath its leafy bowers ;
Its shady nooks invite repose
Near fragrant summer flowers.

Here, soothed by nature's lullaby,
I close my eyes and dream,
While list'ning to the droning bee
And to the rippling stream.

The blackbird sings his evening song
As shades of night draw nigh ;
The breeze is wafting to and fro
The stalwart larches' sigh.

The blund'ring beetle goes his round
In seeming aimless way ;
The deadly owl on noiseless wing
Goes forth to seek his prey

You meet me where the moss-grown path
Winds close beside the stream,
Whose rippling waters multiply
The crescent moon's pale beam.

We watch the eager trout leap forth
To end the moth's career,
Unmindful that his wayward splash
May bring the otter near.

Our steps we wend by Scroggie's Brae,
Where wild rasps love to grow,
And brambles hug the rugged gorse,
Safe from the wind and snow.

Now past the mill, and o'er the stile,
'Mid wild flowers here we roam ;
Then by the hawthorn hedge we stray
To your loved cottage home.

Here in its ivied porch we stand :
I vow my love to you—
With bated breath I hold your hand,
And beg your answer true.

Dreaming your sweet lips whispered "Yes,"
Fearing you might say "No,"
I wake up—near the moss-grown path,
We trod so long ago.

SONNET.

TO T. TALLIS TRIMNELL, ESQ., ORGANIST OF
ST. PETER'S CHURCH, WELLINGTON, N.Z.

Your magic touch in mighty works of art
Calls forth again those master thoughts to soar
As strains and echoes from another shore ;
While you with keen artistic skill impart
So well the beauties that make glad the heart,
And fall like sunshine on the pilgrim's way,
Revealing truths around him day by day,
Proclaiming God the whole and man the part,
How great appears your sterling worth when you
Commune with some of those departed souls
Whose works declare them monarchs of our race !
Then gifts display themselves which only few
Possess—the fire, the dignity, the grace—
All these your sweet angelic mind controls.

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.

These verses were written about a box of tinned haggis sent to Mr. George Wilson, of Messrs. Aitken and Wilson, merchants, Wellington. Mr. Wilson, being at the time President of the Caledonian Society, proposed that, to celebrate the occasion, a dinner should be given to test a local firm's new idea of putting haggis up in tins—an experiment which proved a very great success, as was the whole affair, for it is no exaggeration to say that it was one of the very best nights that a Caledonian Society ever held in Wellington. For, as the colonial says, "It was out on its own." Mr. George Ross, of the Panama Hotel, where the function took place, spared no pains to help it along; and the reader can rely that the following verses give a truthful account of how things really turned out that night.

I felt for days, aye, even weeks,
Some mystery hovering roun',
About a maist mysterious box
Brought lately tae the toun.

Maist every brither Scot I met
His grave doots would express,
An' some they even swore that it
Was madness, nothing less.

But still oor worthy President
Was no tae be denied,
An' wi' true Scottish grit declared
At least it must be tried.

Noo, this was easier said than done;
Although he had the notion,
He felt it wanted care an' tact
Tae set his scheme in motion.

So, steppin' roun' tae Father Jack's,
He tauld him his intention.
That John was wi' him han' an' glove
I hardly need tae mention.

They threshed it oot baith pro an' con,
Then cam tae the decision
'Twas best for a' the clans tae meet
An' learn the real position.

The meetin' then was duly ca'd,
An' every mon explained
That he wad like richt weel tae ken
What this strange box contained.

'Twas then proposed that guid host Ross
Should tak the thing in han',
An' a' the meetin' then declared,
That George was just the man.

* * * *

At last the appointed nicht cam roun' ;
That nicht I'll ever min',
For there I met as worthy Scots
As ever sang "Lang Syne."

Tho' fourteen thousan' miles awa
Frae Scotland's hills an' heather,
There roun' that sumptuous festive board
We fondly did foregather.

Wi' beamin' smiles we a' sat doon
Tae ply oor knives an' forks ;
Amid the bustle an' the glee,
Like popguns flew the corks.

'Twas there the mystery o' that box
That nicht was a' revealed—
'Twas found brimfu' o' haggis guid,
Got up in tins, an' sealed.

Then Piper Campbell led the van,
The waiters in a row
Cam' marchin' in tae "Johnnie Cope,"
An', troth, that was a show !

Each held a dish as big's a sieve,
Heaped up maist like tae spill,
Wi' haggis o' the very best,
A' reekin like a kiln.

Then up rose Mac, wi' solemn air,
Tae say that noble grace,
Which raised the haggis lord an' king
Owre a' the puddin' race.

They ate, an' praised, an' smacked their mous,
Till a' their wames were full,
An' syne they had their pinch o' snuff
Frae Jamie Hutchen's mull.

We'd Luckie there, that king o' guests,
The faither o' us a',
Wha's een's as keen an' heart's as young's
A loon o' twenty-twa.

Wi' him tae grace oor table-heid
We never could get weary,
For he's a man I'm safe to say
Wad mak' a funeral cheery.

The praise that nicht the haggis got
Frae ilka ane a' roun'
Soon spread its fame to every Scot
A hunder miles frae toun.

Then sang an' story gaed the roun's—
'Twas Geordie sang the first ;
He sang while ithers sipt the "dew"
Tae quench the haggis thirst.

Then first we drank "Lang live the Queen,"
Then "Freens that's far awa,"
Then "Scotsmen a' the world owre"—
In fact, we drank them a'.

An' then we drank the lan' itsel
Tae whar we owe oor birth;
Ance more, I think, we filled again
Tae drink tae a' the earth.

But I got lost mang cluds o' smoke :
The last thing I can min'
Was Davie bawlin' through the roof
"Bring me a Pint o' Wine."

STANZAS TO FRIENDS.

TO MISS W.

There's a love in the love we love ;
There's love in the hate we hate ;
There's a love for a home above,
We shall find if we love and wait.

TO MR. J. M.

Time measures man's brief sojourn here
With seeming merciless cruel sway,
But hope and faith illumines his soul
With light transcending that of day.

TO MISS H. P. C.

When youth is gay, and old age far,
'Tis then our lives we make or mar.
Then guide with wisdom each desire,
And nurse for age the youthful fire.

TO JOHN LIDDELL KELLY, ESQ.

(AUTHOR OF "HEATHER AND FERN.")

I ken just as weel as I'm writin' this doon
That ye'll think I've been callous an' cauld;
For he wha neglects ought to lose a' respects
An' be driven richt oot o' the fauld.

Now I must rely on the motto which says
That "Some time is better than never";
So dip goes the pen, 'tis the last chance, I ken,
That's left me my faut to recover.

A man like yersel, wha's weel gifted wi' brains,
Needs but little exertion tae see
How little in life, wi' its bustle an' strife,
Is the time left for ane tae be free.

An' things get pit aff till they rise like a wa',
Closin' roun' ye on every han';
It's happened tae me, but I mean tae be free,
So I'm workin' as hard as I can.

"The book" is my theme—I mean "Heather an'
Fern"—

It's the debt I wish maist tae repay;
My cheeks glow wi' shame when I think o' its name,
And my conscience upbraids the delay.

At last let me thank ye, my freen, frae my heart,
For your excellent volume o' muse,
Within its twa broads I find ffood there in loads
Which a man tae his profit may use.

I trust its success may be up tae its worth,
An' yer labour be paid ye in full,
Though its seldom the bard receives his reward
Till he's left a' ahint, as a rule.

Not riches, the mission for which he is sent,
But because he has something tae say ;
He comes wi' each age, an' he writes doon his page,
Then retires tae the realms o' Day.

Write on then, my freen ; ne'er ye fash about gear—
Be content wi' enough for your needs ;
Contentment's the goal aimed at by the whole,
And the truest is found in our deeds.

A TRIBUTE.

TO MISS JEANNE RAMSAY (MRS. A. E. DONNE).

Had I the power to clothe in words
The thoughts that crowd my mind,
In thus returning thanks to you,
What pleasure I should find !

I'd praise you to the gods above,
Proclaim you Queen of Song,
Till all those true to Art shall know
I had not praised you wrong.

I'd show how Nature had been kind
In every way to you,
And laid her treasures at your feet—
To her you have been true.

I'd tell your heart was warm and kind,
Artistic to the core,
A noble, gentle temperament—
What artist could have more ?

But I can only wish you health,
And strength, to journey on,
And should the powers but grant you this
Your art can stand alone.

THE TOURNAMENT IN THE "SHED."

Without a doubt this Bowling Tournament was unique as regards New Zealand. One of the greatest storms for many years occurred on the eve of the tournament, and completely flooded the green. Then some of the Directors got together, and the outcome of their deliberations was to engage the Drillshed and cover its floor with felt. Enthusiastic bowlers got to work, and by three o'clock in the afternoon the tournament was started, and was continued there, occupying a whole week, for the storm kept up in full fury for five days.

The erratic nature of the rinks created no end of amusement both to the players and onlookers, and the Shed resounded with roars of laughter from morning till night.

As the writer was one of the bowlers on that occasion, he felt compelled to pen, to the best of his ability, a description of what it was like.

I've promised an' promised for ever sae lang
That I'd gie ye the news o' the toun,
So, started at last, I'll write doon a' that's past,
If the postage should cost me a croun.

I'll first tak the bowlin'—I ken that's a theme
That ye like just as weel as mysel;
But this, let me say, is quite new in its way,
As ye'll see when the story I tell.

We started on Friday; the weather was fine,
The green was in splendid condition;
The "Captain"* got praise for the beautiful days,
But he never revealed the position.

But when it got dark he began tae his wark—
It was said he meant drownin' the lot.
Fowk started wi' fricht i' the dead o' the nicht,
Makin' sure that the house was afloat.

*Captain Edwin, Meteorologist,

The rain fell in torrents, wi' hurricane winds,
Till the greens were converted tae lakes.
Some said 'twas a shame, as the ladies at hame
Were lamentin' their beautiful cakes.

But Tam got a notion if felt could be got
He wad sune mak' a green o' the Shed ;
McLellan said " Imphm " while strokin' his chin,
And remarked he was rather afraid.

Then Gale stuck his thoums i' the vents of his vest—
Said he thocht it a very good scheme :
If enough could be got tae cover the lot
It micht play just as weel as a green.

Some thocht this a joke, while some said so who
spoke,
While the ithers sat ticht " on a rail " ;
But when it was put that the Shed ocht tae suit,
Then the thing came as richt as the mail.

The news sped like wildfire maist a' owre the toun,
That a felt green was gaun tae be spread ;
But some only leugh'd, an' declared we were daft,
For tae think they could bowl in a " Shed."

They rung up the bowlers at every hotel,
To acquaint them arrangements were made—
Enough felt had been got tae cover the lot,
An' made sure that they a' wad be gled.

Then bowlers wrapped up just like pumps frae the
frost,
Wi' their gingham, were seen on the Quay ;
They fought oot an' in wi' each gust o' the win',
An' kept wonnering what this was tae be.

Inside they were workin' like bees in a byke,
Spreadin' doon a' the felt on the floor ;
Some rolled oot the bales, some cut aff the tails,
An' they near did it a' in an 'oor.

They sune made a ditch wi' some caulk an' a string—
They got tapelines tae measure the rinks ;
The clippings were swept tae the back o' the door,
Near the man wha looked after the drinks.

Then when oor guid umpire gied orders tae start.
'Twas obeyed like the crack o' a gun ;
They started a match, 'twas the first under thatch,
Which afforded unlimited fun.

Soon Thompson an' Oakley were sorely perplexed
For a while on the rink next the wa' ;
They started tae drive an' robbed Wilson o' five,
Which made Palmerston lose it by twa.

When Mac played wi' Heaps on the "boomerang
rink"
'Twas described as the clown o' the green,
Fowk leugh'd an' hurrahed at each bowl on parade
Till the water ran oot o' their een.

By this time the house, but an' ben, was in use,
An' the noise micht been heard at the Hutt—
Some tearin' their hair, wi' a look o' despair,
Swore their bowls had gane into a rut.

Some cried tae their man "If ye're comin' that han'
Keep it oot, min', an' dinna be fear't" ;
Another wad scream "Pit it straight doon the seam
If ye want tae be ony way near't.

Another wad bawl, frae the end o' the hall,
For the crowd tae keep oot o' the licht ;
While ithers gaed roun' wi' a book takin' doon
A' the names for the oysters at nicht.

An' ithers were privately coachin' their freens
What tae dae wi' their rink on each han',
Then started tae boast that they'd never hae lost
Had they kent o't afore they began.

Fowk push'd by the score like a stream through the
door,

Makin't hard for the bowlers tae pass ;
An' some said the dark interfered wi' the wark,
An' gave orders tae licht up the gas.

Then oot o' the cuppels the caretaker drew
Doon a twenty-fit pole by the heels,
Which put me in min' o' the days o' lang syne
When I used tae gang fishin' for eels.

Then up gaed the licht, till the hall was quite bright ;
Sune the play was baith anxious an' keen.
Some bowled in their leggin's, wi' coats past their
knees ;
Some wore gravits near up tae their een.

When bowls took a tour twa-three rinks doon the
floor

They were kicked here an' there like a clod ;
The ditchers were perched on the crap o' the wa'
Tae mak' shure they were oot o' the road.

For a hale week an' mair they kept up the fair—
They were at it by nicht an' by day ;
Then mony declared that they were prepared
Tae go on for a month wi' the play.

Well, Tam an' McLellan—in fact, a' the boys—
Are deservin' oor very best thanks ;
But for them, let me say, we'd never had play,
An' we're proud o' such men in oor ranks.

Before I conclude I've just ae word tae say,
Then I'm dune an' awa tae my bed :
I never yet met wi' a mair social set
Than the bowlers I met in the Shed.

TRANQUILITY.

I mark how religions, like garments, wear out,
And old creeds are replaced by the new—
That ever since man had the power to reflect
He has mixed up the false with the true.

And fain would he limit God's infinite laws
Till they just fit his limited brain,
And try to arrest all our progress in thought—
A result he will never attain.

Then why should our reason be robbed of its rights,
When of all we possess 'tis our best ?
God gave us that reason, a guide from on high :
Let us follow ; to Him leave the rest.

Then free as the lark as it soars in the sky,
Or the sunbeam that plays on the stream,
I roam o'er the world like the breezes that blow,
And the years pass away like a dream.

I muse on the beauties of mountain and dale,
And rejoice in them all on my way ;
I care not to rise on the ladder of fame
To receive worthless praise for a day.

The Power that controls every star out in space
Whispers softly to me from within,
And tells me my life must be noble and true
If the prize that will last I would win.

THE SEASONS.

A SCOTTISH SPRING.

Again the lapwing's pleasing cry
Falls on my list'ning ear ;
It tells that Winter's on the wane,
That Spring is drawing near.

I see the daisies deck the lea
As Winter snows retire,
And hear the praise of Spring proclaimed
By all the warbling choir.

I hear the curlew down the glen,
The moorcock on the brae,
The wand'ring crows are gathering in,
The rookeries all are gay.

The mavis perched upon the larch,
The blackbird on the thorn,
The cuckoo's voice within the grove,
All tell of Spring new-born.

Adown the glade, from bush and tree,
The praise of Spring is sung,
While peaceful in the needled spruce
The cushat coos her young.

Within the abbey's ivied walls
I hear the jackdaw's scream,
And see the hawk skim down the hedge,
The trout leap in the stream.

The fan-like bracken gently waves
Before the southern breeze ;
I see the nimble squirrels play
Among the neighbouring trees.

The bumble-bee goes buzzing past
To suck the opening may,
The gorgeous painted butterflies
Reflect the sunny day.

The linnet piping 'mong the gorse,
The lark up in the sky—
Ten thousand throats are swelled in song
To cheer the passer-by.

When Nature drinks the falling dew,
Or soft refreshing rain,
The sweet perfumes of birch and brier
Float on the air again.

I watch the sweeping swallow fly
Above the cone-roofed mill,
And see the bats steal out at night
When all around is still.

In all I see the Power Supreme,
To whom the angels sing,
Whom man must worship evermore
As oft as comes the Spring.

A SCOTTISH SUMMER.

When Spring has banished every sign
Of Winter's cruel sway,
And cheered the birds to sweetest song,
The sportive lambs to play—

Made every bud with vigour strive
To show its youthful green—
Then how the woodlands throb with joy
As new life fills the scene !

And soon among the spreading leaves
The birds begin to build,
While larks, now mated, choose their homes
Upon each well-grassed field.

'Neath genial showers, and warmer sun,
The clam'ring swallows tell
Of potent monarch come to reign
Where Spring had ruled so well.

Then wizard-like, in gilded robes,
Proud Summer takes command,
While Spring with gracious mien retires
Before his magic wand.

Mark how the clouds he thrusts apart,
And bids the sunshine fall
With fiercer rays upon all life,
Still heedless of Spring's call.

With subtle skill he paints each bloom
Till every shade's combined,
And makes each flower from earth distill
The perfume of its kind.

The pale-hued lilac rears its head
Beyond the garden wall,
While inch by inch along the fence
The honeysuckles crawl.

The wallflowers round the border make
Their golden-brown display,
And all the garden seems ablaze
With colours bright and gay.

From out its bed of soft green leaves
The pansy's modest eye
Looks up to greet that queen of flowers,
The rose, that blooms hard by.

Then, at the cottage, mark you how
The good wife picks with care
A spot beside the boxwood path
To set the family chair.

'Tis there is placed the invalid
She's nursed, aye, many a day ;
With thankful heart she notes him smile
To friends who pass that way.

Her boys come laughing from the wood,
So happy, gay, and free,
And lay the flowers they've gathered there
On their sick father's knee.

The red geranium, see, is boxed
Upon the window-sill ;
The cuttings, too, she watched so long,
Show signs of life left still.

All through the day the bees at work
Have searched each flower with care ;
At night, on powdered wing, the moths
Sport in the fragrant air.

The dandelion's golden stars
And bluebells deck the way,
While 'mong the corn, now in the ear,
The tender poppies sway.

The foxglove finds a shady home
In corners of the wood
Where not for more than half the day
Doth sunshine dare intrude.

There, too, the bramble loves to twine
Unseen among the gorse,
Where it may hide its glossy fruit
Till Summer's run his course.

In open woods and sunny braes
The blaeberries are seen ;
With grape-like bloom they're now arrayed
On twigs of palest green.

The wild rasps, red and white, prefer
On light-soiled slopes to grow,
Where they may catch the noonday sun,
Yet shun where east winds blow.

Though high on bleak unwooded hills
The cranberry is found,
Yet there its tender stem's secure,
For heather blooms all round.

The pollen, floating through the air,
From off the sturdy pine,
By gentle rain is brought to earth,
Like sulphur soft and fine.

The orchards, 'neath Pomona's touch,
Their energies arouse,
Till freighted deep with sun-kissed fruit
Aweary droop the boughs.

But mark you how the corn has changed !
The leaves, too, on the trees !
And hark ! whence come those joyful sounds
Now floating on the breeze ?

Lo ! 'tis the reapers' merry song,
Borne here from yonder field—
A sign full sure that Summer's power
Must now to Autumn yield.

Yet why lament ? All must fulfil
The universal plan.
The seasons come, the seasons go—
So, too, the life of man.

A SCOTTISH AUTUMN.

Though still the sun shines clear and bright,
And lingering west winds gently blow,
Yet Autumn's heralds are in sight ;
Their summons heard, the woodlands show.

Mark how the fickle leaves change fast
Their liv'ry green for garb of gold,
Deserting him whose reign is past,
The course pursued since days of old.

The gaily painted butterfly,
Disporting in the noonday sun,
Diverts no more the wand'rer's eye—
Alas ! its brief bright course is run.

And downy moths, on heedless wing,
That fluttered through the Summer night,
Their service done, no longer cling
Where floral cups afford delight.

The mail-clad beetle now has ceased
To wing by night his drowsy round ;
The spider, gaunt from fare decreased,
Grows weak where plenty once he found.

Goes forth the toil-worn ant no more—
Full well he knows that Summer's spent;
The wild bee, too, beside his store
Rests from his labours well content.

And birds that in the morning light
Attuned their clear, melodious strains,
In silence mark the plover's flight
To lands where vernal sunshine reigns.

The bat has found an eerie bed
'Neath cobwebbed roof, 'mid ruin grey ;
Profound it sleeps as sleep the dead,
And, pendent, waits the call of May.

The field-mouse, provident as man,
Has watched the rip'ning corn with care,
Each forming well his little plan
For storing safe his winter fare.

The worm, with instinct that transcends
The vaunted intellect we prize,
Perceives that danger dire impends,
And knows that deeper safety lies.

The mole, to reach his sinuous prey,
Down into earthy depths must creep,
And trace his subterranean way
Unhindered by the darkness deep.

For this he laboured hard and well
His lower tunnels to prepare ;
Yon fields, besprent with molehills, tell
He'll batten not on unearned fare.

Forsaking now his sportive ways,
The playful squirrel starts to moil,
And garners 'gainst short, pinching days,
A nutty store by patient toil.

The setter makes the pheasants stir,
While scenting round with stealthy gait;
Into the air, with humming whirr,
They rise, but rise to meet their fate.

Then through the wood, with whoop and cry,
Arrayed in line the beaters go ;
The hunter seeks with watchful eye
A chance to kill the startled roe.

The wild geese, too, are on the wing ;
We, wondering, note the curious sight,
And marvel how they closely cling
To form their arrowhead-like flight.

Kind instinct leads them north and west,
Where yet the corn lies in the field ;
There may they for a season rest,
Rejoicing 'mid the plenteous yield.

No more the browsing herds come forth,
For now the fields are bleak and bare ;
The frowning clouds lurk in the north,
And cold's the piercing frosty air.

The ptarmigan has changed his brown
To match the spotless mountain snow ;
The freezing rills creep slowly down,
And aged Autumn's pulse beats slow.

Man knows another change is near,
What time he halts with bated breath,
And clear red robin's voice doth hear
Bewailing loudly Autumn's death.

A SCOTTISH WINTER.

The swallow long has left our shore,
The lark has ceased to sing and soar ;
Though golden rays still gild the heather,
The birds by instinct flock together.
The fields are bare, the flowers are dead ;
The leaves assume a paler shade,
Their varied tints in wood and bower
Are swiftly changing hour by hour,
Till all unite in one rich blend
To show their best before the end.
Yet 'neath the pomp of this display
Brown Autumn hides her swift decay.
Now Boreas, lurking in the north,
With all his cruel power comes forth,
And soon among the dead and dying
His frost-envenomed shafts are flying.
He strips the trees, and sweeps the plain,
Where bracken snaps before the strain ;
The wild, lashed torrents fall in spray,
And gathered foliage blocks the way,
While tender twig and hoary tree
Are borne in triumph to the sea.
Then, all this work of death complete,
And Nature prostrate at his feet,
He, lest his labour should be lost,
Binds earth secure in bond of frost.
His icy breath compels the cloud
To clothe the fields in ghostly shroud.
The timid hedgehog, sore afraid,
'Neath fallen leaves now hides his head.
The starving deer from mountain flees
As when he snuffs the tainted breeze ;
Yet seeks he not more distant height
To hide him from the hunter's sight,
But 'mong the pines he scents his way
To friendly racks now filled with hay.

The artless maukin leaves the gorse,
Nor knows the snow betrays her course ;
In hollowed dike and sheltered scrub
The tiny wren picks up the grub ;
In sluggish ditch and peaty bog
The snipe steps o'er the slumb'ring frog ;
Beneath the turnips, spreading green,
The earth-hued partridge mopes unseen ;
The crossbill picks the cone's tough core ;
The lonely heron hugs the shore.
The feathered race, by want impelled,
Near stack and barn are closely held,
And while gaunt famine makes them spare
The hawk and owl grow fat and fair.
Where shepherd plies his spade and hoe
The dove shares pickings with the crow.
The ice-bound stream and frozen rill
No longer drive the noisy mill.
The sun withholds life-giving heat,
Till Nature's pulse seems scarce to beat.
Though man disputes the tyrant's sway,
Where merry curlers laugh at play,
Yet oft will rise within the breast
The thought that Nature lies oppressed.
But when the mist begins to clear,
And daily fainter he can hear
The begging robin's twittering song,
He knows a change will come ere long—
That soon soft winds from balmy west
Will fan the singer's crimson breast,
And whisper soft in Nature's ear
That there's no longer aught to fear.
While Nature lisps her first reply,
Mankind looks on with eager eye,
And marks the bud and springing blade,
The new-born snowdrop's spotless head,
The golden crocus, all aglow,
Appearing 'midst the patchy snow.

The sun, now daily gaining power,
Looks down to bless each genial shower,
Assisting Nature on her way
By less'ning Winter's cruel sway,
And cheering on the birds to sing
Their sweetest notes to welcome Spring.

SONNET TO PADEREWSKI.

This sonnet was written after hearing Paderewski play at the Opera House, Wellington, New Zealand, in 1904.

From ridge to ridge I climbed where'er you led,
Till on the giddy peaks of Art at last
I stood bewildered. Scenes were changing fast.
While you conversed with friends, alive and dead,
You caused their soul-enchanting strains to spread,
As 'twere, before me golden seas, which cast
A thrill of joy into my soul, and passed
Me onwards, upwards, till earth's cares had fled.
I knelt before those giants of our race
Who were the kings of music here below,
Who pleaded with the fates to tell the plan
By which their brother mortals best might trace
The path of virtue, truth, and love, and so
Make strong the God-like qualities in man.

PHILOSOPHICAL SONNETS.

These sonnets I regard as my most ambitious effort. I may say that for some twenty years before I essayed the writing of them I had been a student of philosophical thought, and frequently discussed this subject with the late Mr. J. H. Pope. He it was who urged me to undertake in sonnet form the expression of our mutual views, and he offered to prepare for me in prose the texts of the ten sonnets. His confidence in my ability encouraged me, and when they were completed we had the gratification of seeing the sonnets accepted and published in the "Glasgow Weekly Herald."

I. SEEKING FOR GOD.

With toil we search for an All-seeing Power
Whose will controls the universe, while man
With reason's loom works out a little plan
By which he hopes to climb some vantage-tower
And learn, before he ends his fleeting hour,
The real significance of life—to scan
Those seeming truths which glitter in his van
And lure him on to seek life's richest dower.
Not semblance, but the real, he craves to know :
A mirage view of God is not his goal.
Through life he strives to find the Great First Cause
Reflected from the dome of thought, that so
Its light and heat from off his path may roll
The mists concealing God's eternal laws.

II. WHAT CAN I KNOW ?

Though man can analyse the stars in space,
Foretell eclipses, say where comets go—
All these attainments really help to show
That he has limits and a finite place.
The planets, stars, and nebulae, that grace
The boundless heavens, humble him, and so
Impel him to exclaim "What do I know ?
What can I know ? Can I a limit trace ?"
Man scans the boundaries of his power, and claims
That "Matter" is within his grasp ; yet here
He knows sensation only, for the core
He cannot reach. Some bounds he marks, and
frames
Outside them universal mind. Man's sphere
Of knowledge is his thought, and nothing more !

III. FORCE.

The meteor marks with light its course through
space ;
The storm-lashed river rages on its way :
In these man finds a "Power" as best he may ;
This names he "Force" ; its source he cannot trace ;
But surely here he something has to face !
The baffling limits of his power say
That "Force" for him is but a vain array
Of nothings in a non-existent place ;
I hear you grant that "Force" you do not know
As well as "Matter" : problematic all
Are they ; man knows them not—for them he's blind.
The being, knowing, thinking mind may go
Outside to feel, and hope ; and can recall
Past thoughts—such is the scope of human mind.

IV. MAN'S PLACE WITHIN THE "ALL."

Poetic dreams may lead the mind astray
 From all the truths philosophers have sought,
 And load the barge of reason till 'tis fraught
 With empty visions; here then let man stay
 His course, and deem it were absurd to say
 That "Force" or "Matter"'s God. And now we're
 brought

To ask ourselves if God is Mind so wrought
 That from its awful self reflections play.
 If so, then God's reflections of the "All,"
 The truest real that comes into our mind,
 And constitutes our "All"; which doth control
 The view we gain of Him, and thus install
 In man a power which helpeth him to find
 That he himself forms part of God's Great Whole.

V. BEGINNING OF CONSCIOUSNESS : MERE BEING.

Black darkness gone, faint blush of light ascends,
 Disclosing slowly objects to the view.
 "Except my thoughts," I say, "there's nothing new."
 Worn out, I ask how thought begins and ends,
 Sure, being was at first, when all its trends
 Were to a dim awareness; ere it knew,
 It sank again to rest, revived, and grew
 Like billows where the mighty deep extends.
 At last came feeling, so within this "All"
 A germ of consciousness awoke, which felt
 That feeling was, without discerning more.
 You ask our warrant: "Why doth us enthrall
 This strange belief?" That ardent search may
 melt
 The haze which hides its germ and inmost core.

VI. RELATION.

As zephyrs cause the forest boughs to sigh,
And streaks of dawn impel the birds to sing,
So feeling has for cause some trifling thing—
We know not what it is, and still less why.
Again we something note, and so descry
A source from which more vivid feelings spring.
“This” is not “that”—they difference imply.
Now we have something new; “not that,” “not this”;
We are where “self” and “not self” meet, and find
Relation ready both to join and clasp
With chains that will not fail or be remiss
In holding firmly bound within the mind
Both “this” and “that” related in its grasp.

VII. THE NOTION.

The mind escapes the thrall of darksome night,
And now beholds the dawn of coming day.
As time goes on we are constrained to say
“Relations multiply.” With clearer light
We see “this” follow “that,” and know ’tis right,
Because the sequence varies not. This may
At last, perchance, reveal to mind the way
To fit itself for ever-lengthening flight.
Relation and relation now we note
As close allies. At last it seems that each
And all are linked throughout; and on we go
To track this linkage right through every thought.
From one to all, from all to one, we reach,
By using this our new-born power to “know,”

VIII. SCIENCE.

Has not the mind now gained the power to throw
Its energy upon a world all new—
To strive with all its might to grasp the true ?
Now does some Science soon begin to grow,
Without, within—of world and mind—and so
When knowledge is arranged and classed all
through
We say that we have Science full in view,
And soon shall have the wealth of “those who
know” !
But, mark, the mind has not yet reached its goal :
Our knowledge now is ordered and exact,
And objects are within the worker’s call ;
Yet this is the “particular” ; the whole
Is still unorganized—is still mere fact.
Not yet see we the life that runs through all.

IX. PHILOSOPHY.

As clear as noonday sun we now behold
These truths with those conjoined ; we boldly scan
The nature of our knowledge—grasp the plan
That rules our mind’s expansion : thus unfold
We Thought. With firm connection also mould
We it ; a system sound, which every man
May see avoids no irksome task, but can
Keep error off, as wolf away from fold.
At last we near the wished-for land, and then
Our barque, truth-laden, into port fast sails,
And anchors safe from doubt’s tempestuous sea.
We know, and know we know, and how. Now, when
The whole’s well organized, and truth prevails
O’er doubt, we have divine Philosophy.

X. THE SPIRITUAL.

We pace the ramparts now of Thought's great tower,
And peer with ever-wistful gaze through space,
Where suns and planets roll, whose paths we trace ;
Where comets, welcome as the Spring's first flower,
Rush round our sun at their appointed hour.
At last a gleam of hope lights up the face ;
We ask ourselves—" Does all by chance take place,
Or do things bear the stamp of some great Power ?"
Should reason lead us to believe that right
Behind, within, and round our frame of things
There is some Power Divine, who at the core
Is Ruler and Protector, and the Light
That guides our falt'ring steps in life, and brings
Us safely through—why, then, we want no more.

A TRIBUTE.

TO WEE JANET MORRISON.

Since Janet Morrison has left
The hoose seems cauld an' bare,
An' every time that I come hame
I miss her mair an' mair.

The music o' her silv'ry voice
Was welcome sound to me,
While she some story cam tae tell
An' clapped her han's wi' glee.

I listened wi' a solemn air
Tae a' she had to say,
An' syne I'd stroke her on the cheek
An' sen' her aff tae play.

I've seen her sad when things gaed wrang,
An' tear-drops in her e'e,
While pleading hard tae set them richt,
Beside her mither's knee.

An' even then she had a charm
That's only seen but rare ;
For love an' truth were there revealed
As she her faults laid bare.

Her bonnie smile, her sparklin' een,
Were sunshine tae my heart ;
'Twas kennin' a' her winnin' ways
That made it hard tae part.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE LATE WILLIAM K. CIMINO,

Died 20th February, 1907; aged 27 years.

Man moves on life's mysterious stage
In search of peace from hour to hour.
He strives to read life's future page—
A task which lies beyond his power.

God calls our friends and loved ones hence;
Perchance we so gain vision clear
Of life, and its small recompense—
That all is change and shadow here.

Mark the sad tears, the breaking heart,
The mother mourning her lost son!
The father bravely does his part,
Then, yielding, says "Thy will be done."

Our task's to soothe those hearts bereft
Of him in youth now called away—
Make strong that hope for loved ones left
Which hints that Heaven is theirs for aye.

THE LATE LOUIS JOHN MEYER,

Died 24th May, 1913; aged 40 years.

As each stroke of the Woodman's axe resounds
Through the crisp frosty air afar,
Till the fated tree with a crash falls down
Like the waves on an angry bar:
Thus our loved one fell in his ripest prime—
He has gone to his heav'nly rest:
We trust the Great Power who reigneth supreme
And doeth all things for the best.

THE "FUNNY" MEMORIES O' MORAY.

A SATIRE.

This satire was written many years ago under very great provocation. The members of a certain family and myself were born in the same town in Scotland, and knew one another from boyhood. With them the battle of life was easy, while with me it was very strenuous indeed. Never suspecting that I was to become a rival of any member of their family in any way, all went well, but when I eventually began to appear on the musical horizon, and threatened to compete with one of their brothers, they never lost an opportunity of doing me a disservice. The climax came in after-years, when a book of poems, entitled "The Sunny Memories o' Moray," emanated from a member of the family. In this volume an attempt was made to hold me up to ridicule, but they had yet to learn that I too, in my crude way, could do a little at versifying as well as having a bowing acquaintance with Euterpe.

When the book came out it contained verses that rung a familiar tone and drew my special attention. Turning this over in my mind, it dawned on me that some of our local poetasters had been levied upon to a great extent. Thought I to myself, were I a reviewer requested to criticize this book it would necessarily be my duty to write something like the following:—

Analysis, by request, of "The Funny Memories o' Moray," by the Editor of "The Time and Tide Review," No. 1, I.O.U., Bass Rock Terrace, Mid-ocean.

Motto: "Nemo me impune lacessit."

Noo, a' ye wha read, cock yer lugs tae attention,
While I, by request, o' this "great" work mak
mention.

Though muckle it needs, still its nae my intention
Tae mak it owre lang;

Yet there are some pages demanding attention
In prose or in sang.

When I opened the book I could see at a wink
 That it was a brewin' o' nae common drink,
 An' then, as I read, I could hear every clink
 Like the muckle kirk bell,
 But taste and refinement are placed on the brink,
 An' baith labelled "Tae—well."

The book, if ye purchase't, I'll wad ye ye'll wonner;
 There's a' Moray's bards clappit in wi' a bunner,
 An' then in his preface he roars oot like thunner,
 "This work's a' my ain";
 So dinna blame me if ye a' get a scunner,
 Attended wi' pain.

There's verse "Cutler Jamie"* hae made owre his
 wheel
 While earning a penny frae some blade o' steel;
 Each line as he span't gart his auld noddle reel
 When he got it tae metre;
 But wha stole't awa, like an envious deil,
 But oor freen "Uncle Peter."†

There's auld Mary's Well, Jamie sang intae glory,
 I see here presented, for which I'm fu' sorry;
 Wha's sweet lines made "Moray loons" proud o'
 her story,
 When aft in their daidles,
 When dry, they hae used (in the tap o' their glory)
 Their bonnets for ladles.

An' there's relics frae "Law"‡ that I needna here
 name,
 Wi' a flower frae Glenlivet yet green in the stem;
 Still, for a' that, it looks like milk wantin' the cream,
 Clean-shaved like, an' dowie—
 'Twad been better he'd ca'd it the "Poet's Museum"
 Or "Tales frae Mosstowie."

* A local versifier.

†Our friend wrote under the nom-de-plume of "Uncle Peter."

‡La Teste, a local poet.

Wha inkit this paper owre mair then them a'
 Is the "Lintie o' Moray,"* wha's deid an' awa;
 He's patched here an' there, like a half-feather'd
 crow

At the en' o' the season.

Pete thocht, if transplanted, 'twad grow up like
 twa—

Likely that's been his reason.

At page thirty-twa there's a good bit that's new,
 An' nae only that, but I'm quite sure it's true,
 An' runs frae the start wi' a smoothness a' through,
 An' sentiment fine,

So here is a verse as I ken it the noo,†
 So that ye may min'.

"There's a fiddler they ca' 'Cutler Jamie's' successor,
 A hame-spun musician, a boosy hairdresser,
 Wha fell frae his stool, an' rose up a professor—
 A swack little callant,
 Wha's kyte is as roomy's the drawer o' a dresser,
 Whaurin lies his talent."

There's ae bonny bit that's been somehow negleckit,
 He wrote three years syne (ye micht weel recollect
 it);

The title was "Wild Flowers," an' a' weel connectit—
 A work worth the while;

He tauld my assistant his heid it near wreckit,
 Bein' quite a new style.

* A Morayshire bard.

† The original verse in the book was as follows, and was the stanza that "put the fat in the fire" so far as I was concerned:—

There's a fiddler we ca' Cutler Jamie's successor,
 A hame-spun musician, a would-be professor,
 Wha's fu' o' pretensions, in fact a pert callant,
 But impudence noo-a-days passes for talent.

But, beg pardon, readers, I hae the thing noo—
 I min' at the time o' the hullabaloo,
 Some sklipe o' a chiel, wi' a target-like broo,
 An' a mou like a giral,
 Squeals, "The Wild Flowers ye blawed aboot, I
 find noo
 In this auld 'Chambers Journal.'"

But talent's a thing winna tie wi' a branks—
 Pete dashed aff the apron that hung roun' his
 flanks,
 An' wrote tae himsel' an epistle o' thanks
 On his begged shavin' paper,
 An' said 'twas a bardie frae near Isla's banks,
 Signed, "Yours, Gutstring-scraper."

But auld Mither Nature, we aye fin' her kin'—
 She aft compensates whaur she fails tae gae min';
 An' oor "honest" author was able, we fin',
 Tae quietly ignore
 His deeds that gied horror tae a' men o' min'
 Sae shortly before.

Sae farewell tae Shakespeare an' a' that he wrote,
 Wi' this work on Moray he'll sune be forgot;
 An' a' Milton's writin's are nae worth a groat—
 His style's noo sae "licht";
 An' Horace, an' Homer, an' oor Wattie Scott
 Are maist oot o' sicht.

An' then there's the author o' "Dark Lochnagar"—
 Instead o' a poet, should hae been a tar;
 The bent o' his thochts was tae wander afar,
 Gien praise tae the ocean;
 An' syne tae the Greeks, how he planned oot their
 war
 Was just boyish notion.

There's Longfellow's "Footprints"—they're intae
decay :

That he was a German, I needna here say ;
That Keats lacked "refinement," just suited his day,
An' pleased auld fowk fine.

But Pope, Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Moore—aye,
even Gray—

Are clean oot o' min'.

An' hunders o' ithers—great men in their time—
Wha wrote weel in blank verse as weel as in rhyme,
An' sang o' the glories o' maist every clime
In capital style.

But that this is the cope-stone, ye'll a' wi' me chime—
Though, min', dinna smile.

For instance, there's Burns, wha was grieve on a
farm,

I nearly forgot, but there's nae muckle harm,
For see how he drank a' his fee at the term,
An' troubled the kirk :

A chiel wha'd gie "godly fowk" sic an alarum
Should dee wi' a dirk.

But, faith, I maun mak' this the en' o' my tether ;
My ink is near dune, an' the point's aff my feather ;
Yet there's ae verse mair that I maun shove the-
gither,

Though nae that ye need it,
But, just that ye mark like guid loons a'thegither,
The time when tae read it.

When yer granuched an' sconfished wi' a' thing that's
gran',

Tak this "soapy" extract frae yer orra book-stan',
An' afore fifteen minutes, I'll wad ye my han',

Ye'll be dichten yer e'en ;
An' next day ye'll be sayin' (frae the teeth), "Michty
man,

Oh, for what fun yestreen !"

THE PIONEERS.

Ere pilgrims to Zealandia came
A lonely land lay she,
Save where the Maoris made their pas
Near river-bank and sea ;
When close to giant moas' tombs
The tui's song was sung,
When wekas 'mid the peaceful bush
In safety reared their young ;
When unmolested forests vast,
And densely undergrown,
Hedged in the cooling streams that flowed
From sources yet unknown.
'Twas then our hardy pioneers
Saw this long-wished-for shore,
And landed from their storm-tossed barques
Where whites ne'er dwelt before.
And here our "Pilgrim Fathers" gazed
On eerie scenes and stern :
As yet our fertile plains lay hid
'Neath tussock, bush, and fern.
With help from God, and sinews strong,
They hoped to cleave their way,
And trusted that their honest toil
Would make the wilds obey.
The bushmen wrought with axes keen,
The blacksmiths' arms were strong,
While steady hands held straight the plough,
Which, conquering, moved along.
Each progress made from day to day
All viewed with joy and pride.
And wives and daughters cheered men on,
While working by their side.
In time the virgin soil gave forth
A bountiful supply ;
Crops rich beyond their fondest dreams,
Then gladdened every eye.

Still many a hardship lay in store,
And many an anxious hour ;
The settlers had to meet a foe
Of weird and fearsome power.
As brave and warlike savages
As e'er the world has known
Swooped down upon their settlements
With deadly axe of stone.
The foe, courageous, fierce, and strong,
From care gave no release—
Sore pressed oft were the pioneers
Ere came the longed-for peace.
At last the Maoris came to see
That white men's ways were right ;
When warfare ceased they saw how just
We measured out our might.
A sense secure now filled each breast,
Which banished every fear ;
Then swiftly industries arose,
And flourished year by year.
Now pioneers built happy homes
Upon each space they cleared,
And then established townships where
Soon rose the church revered.
Their herds and flocks increased amain,
The plains grew bright and gay ;
Their work had brought prosperity,
Their hardships to repay.
The tribulations of the past
Had not been borne in vain—
The rock their work was founded on
Would stand 'gainst every strain.
With joy and pride of their brave deeds
Long shall Zealandia ring ;
So nobly did they do their part,
Let us their praises sing !
And let us toast those pioneers
Who gave our nation birth ;
Who taught that pluck and honest toil
Denote a nation's worth.

FEMALE FRANCHISE IN NEW ZEALAND.

I vas de broudest man to live,
In all de Vaterlant,
Ven Gretchen says she vas gonsent
To give her heart und handt.

It vas shust like in Baradice
I vas to sphend mein tays,
Und laugh to hear mein frau make choke
Of foolish Engleesh vays.

She vas de apple in mein eyes,
Und nodings vas more cran ;
I often said, "Olt Chosif, poy,
You vas der lucky man."

She vas so shentle, kindt, und drue,
Und nodings vas gomblain ;
Pefore I tid New Zealand saw
I vas more happy den.

But tought it pest filosofee
To dake dings as dey vent,
Und Gretchen she vas tinks de same—
Und both vas vell gontent.

But ven she got de "bolitics,"
Dat "vranchise," vat you gall,
It made mein frau glean lost her mind—
Mein Gott, dat vas de vall !

Ven vurst I zaw mein frau vas change,
Mein eyes vas not pelieve ;
For veeks I vas not undestant
Vat vas got up her schleeve.

I foundt it vas der "bolitics,"
Und say she no more go,
Den dat vas yust der dimes vat come
To hear mein frau make crow.

She say dot men are proots so pad,
Keeps vomens down mit chain—
But now dey ave opent eyes
Und soon will show de man.

She says de "League" vill drain dem all,
Und put dem dru der pace ;
Dat den's de only dimes he vas
To know his brober blace.

Der "League," she says, vill know so vell
Der vay dat I pehave,
She says I'm tyrant, und she's pad's
Der gruel-driven slave.

She galls it "sheek" ven I gomblain
Apout der foods vas pad,
Und says dat efery dimes of tay
I'm grumpling mit der fad.

Der more I try to make her schmoodt
Der more she gets der vorse,
Und schtarts und trows der tings aboutt,
Says men's der vomen's curse.

Und zen my ploodt vent up to poil,
I vas no longer care,
I schwore dat "Leagues" und bolitics
Vas trive me to tespair.

I says I've got suspeeshon strong
Of oder dings behindt—
Zat half der meetings vot vas galled
Vas made to gib der plindt.

Pefore der verdt's vas left mein mout
She nefer once more shpoke,
But, shust like lion shumps on brey,
Mein head she nearly proke.

I had not time to tink I vas
Pefore I got der schmack,
I say, "Mein Frau, dat vas der schtraws
Dat proke dis gammel's pack."

Her eyes vas stare like lunatic's,
Den gave anoder plow
Dat sent me schpawl town mit der vloer,
Und more I vas not know.

*

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But, tanks to Gott, mein case vas gome,
Vot times I vas to wait,
For gruelty dat learned Schuge
Vas grandt me separate.

THE DOOM OF CULBINE.

A CANTATA.

(For Solo Voices (4), Chorus, and Orchestra.)

INTRODUCTION.

The legend of Culbine* furnishes the historian with another remarkable instance of the great rapidity with which authentic history is transformed into mystery and bewilderment.

The wonderful transition here alluded to happened in the North Parish of Dyke (Scotland), where the barony of Culbine extends from the mouth of the river Findhorn, along the shore of the Moray Firth, westwards for several miles. This extensive barony, once fertile and populous, is now a dreary waste, having been covered by vast heaps of sand. As late as 1670, the barony of Culbine was unaffected by the desolating process which ultimately destroyed it. Beyond this, scarcely any correct information of the estate, or the fate of the family to which it belonged, is known. What we do know is that the family who owned the estate was descended from the Flemish house of Freskyn, who, by the powerful assistance afforded to William the Lion and his immediate successors, acquired Culbine and other possessions in the north of Scotland in 1169.

Now, however, the legend has it that some time between 1670 and 1695 the Laird (Culbine) then in possession consented to play cards with the Devil on the Sabbath, which so displeased the Deity that he brought on a great sand storm, which cost the Laird his life, and destroyed the estate for ever.

CHARACTERS.

CULBINE (Tenor).	MARJORY (Soprano).
UNKNOWN (Bass).	WITCH (Alto).

Harvesters and Sailors.

* "Culbin" has been spelt with an "e," as it gives the local way of pronouncing it, and sounds better for musical requirements.

NO. 1.—SONG OF WELCOME.

CULBINE.

Fill up your goblets to the brim,
And drink with mirth and glee ;
It surely is a fit reward
That you this night be free.
'Mid weather that was glorious,
Your labour's been victorious,
Till all's complete to-day ;
Your labour's done,
The crops are won,
So now let come what may.
I hope to see you here again
Next year, to gather Culbine's grain ;
And now to-night, before we part,
Let each one have a cheerful heart ;
Fill then your goblets to the brim,
And drink this toast with me :
" Let nut-brown ale
O'er all prevail,
And make us feel we're free."

NO. 2.—CHORUS OF HARVESTERS AND FRIENDS.

CHORUS.

Culbine, with joy we drink to thee,
And pledge thy name with honours three.
May every year increase your store,
Thy fertile fields yield more and more ;
May all the seed that thou dost sow
A hundredfold return bestow ;
When full in ear, and waving high,
May't fill with joy the passer-by ;
And then we'll come all bright and gay
To store your yellow crops away.

NO. 3.—ORCHESTRA.

[*Sudden storm, thunder and lightning.*]

NO. 4.—ARRIVAL AND WELCOME OF UNKNOWN.

[*Enter Unknown, accompanied by Witch as his beautiful daughter, pleading for shelter from the storm.*]

UNKNOWN (*Recit.*).

Forgive me, friends, if I now call
While you your celebrations hold ;
I trust when I explain it all
You will not think me over-bold.
My daughter here is young and frail,
Much hardship she cannot endure ;
Nor 'gainst this storm may she prevail,
Hence hope I shelter to secure.
The storm may cease at break of day,
And then we'll journey on our way.

[*More thunder.*]

CULBINE, *who keeps looking at Witch, welcomes Unknown.*

My friend, you've done just what is right,
To save your child from such a night ;
You're welcome both to join our mirth
Until the sky clears o'er the firth.

UNKNOWN (*Recit.*).

A thousand thanks for what you've done ;
As grateful guests we'll join the fun,

No. 5.—SOLO IN PRAISE OF CULBINE.

WITCH.

Great men are great through deeds they do,
Yet never keep their deeds in view—
Seek not for empty hollow praise,
Wish not the world on them to gaze.
They're like the stately stream that flows—
In it, too, streamlets find repose ;
Majestic it goes on its way
To reach its goal within the bay.
The great man passes ; his great mind
Leaves all to help those left behind.

No. 6.—SOLO, WITH HUMMING CHORUS.

[*Solo (Marjory), with humming chorus in imitation of the wind in the pine trees. The chorus to begin by humming a few bars before the solo starts.*]

MARJORY.

The pines so sadly moan and sigh,
Their wailing fills my soul with fear ;
From them I hear a warning cry
Declaring danger to be near.
I know not who these strangers are,
Nor do I like their subtle ways ;
My father's better self they mar,
And poison him with mocking praise.
Then help me, pray, my honest friends—
Let's ask our God to keep us strong.
Alas ! I see my father bends,
A sure sign, this, that something's wrong.

FULL CHORUS.

Good Marjory, we're all with you :
Take heart ; on us you may depend.
We feel your fears are but too true,
And aid will give you to the end.

MARJORY *sings obligato at the third and fourth lines.*

Thanks, thanks, I feel content ;
Let God all evil deeds prevent.

NO. 7.—THE GAME OF CARDS.

UNKNOWN *invites Culbine to join in a game of cards.*

Now that your people seem content,
Why should they not be left alone?
Could we not have a game of cards?
They'll feel more freedom when you're gone :
A master's presence must prevent
The freedom that we love to see.
My daughter here will take a hand,
Should you prefer a game with three.

CULBINE, *consenting, addresses Witch.*

Do you, fair lady, then consent
To join us now that we have leisure?

WITCH.

My Lord Culbine, the cards I love ;
There's nought could give me greater pleasure.

CULBINE.

If that be so, you'll have a game
With me this sight before we part.

*[Culbine, Unknown, and Witch preparing
for the game, when the clock strikes
twelve.]*

CULBINE.

But hark you ! There's the midnight hour.
'Tis now too late to make a start.

UNKNOWN.

What, Culbine timid! Should the stroke of
bells
One's pleasure quite destroy?

CULBINE.

Not so, dear sir, but I was taught to keep the
Sabbath when a boy.

CHORUS (*urging Culbine not to give way*).

Oh, master, pray you, do not yield
To do what you well know is wrong;
Now that the Sabbath has begun,
Just show your friends that you are strong.
The lightning's flash, the thunder's roar,
Are proofs to you that all's not well:
Beware! Oh, master, do not yield—
Remember how the angels fell.

[*Storm grows more furious.*]

UNKNOWN (*to Culbine*).

Is this base crowd, so flushed with wine,
Come here to tell you what to do?
Assert yourself while yet there's time,
Lest they prove masters over you.
For cobwebs may a giant bind,
Enthrall him till his soul expires;
I knew this bondage once myself,
But now I follow my desires.

CULBINE (*excitedly*).

And I these bonds will sever too;
From this night forth I'll have my sway.
I feel what you have said is true;
I swear no bells shall stop the play.

MARJORY, *grieved to see her father play.*

I pray ye, Heavenly Powers, give ear,
And save us from this dismal night ;
If 'tis your will our end has come,
Oh, guide us, Lord, to act aright !
The manners of these unknown guests
Have surely turned my father's brain ;
To see his manly ways so changed
Now cleaves my aching heart in twain.
He's changed as if he were a child—
There's o'er him some unearthly sway.
O Lord ! unless I am deceived,
They love the darkness more than day.
In Thee alone I place my trust ;
Thou knowest best, we are but dust.

NO. 8.—ARRIVAL OF SAILORS.

[*These have been wrecked on the coast close by, and, having abandoned their ship in order to save their lives, are flying from the advancing sand storm.*]

CHORUS OF SAILORS.

Good friends, we come with little cheer,
Nor do we know where now we roam ;
But you must save your lives at once
And leave behind your happy home.
For hours our good ship laboured hard
Through seas that seemed to strike the skies ;
And as we steered to round the cape
The lightship sank before our eyes.
Without a star to guide the way,
Our good ship struck upon the land,
And ere we well knew what was wrong
We had to flee before the sand,
Which swiftly moved like mocking sea,
In rolling waves 'twas blown and tossed ;
And hark you ! now 'tis close at hand ;
Come, fly before your lives be lost.

MARJORY, *on bended knees, implores her father to escape.*

On bended knees I here before thee pray
That thou may'st come with us and save thy
life.

See for thyself, those sailors at the door—
They will explain that danger dire is rife.

CULBINE (*busy with the cards*).

Fair daughter, rise, for this disturbs our game ;
'Tis fitter far that you should now retire.
Go, let me with my friends remain.

MARJORY.

I dare not seek my couch, dear sire,
While danger such as this draws nigher.

CHORUS (*in final effort to rouse Culbine to the danger he is in*).

Culbine, give up thy God-defying ways,
And flee with us before it be too late ;
Thy friends have poured such poison in thine
ears

As lures thee on to an unseemly fate ;
They have no soul if they can there behold
The tears that down thy daughter's cheeks
now stream. [Unknown starts.]

Chorus growing more angry].

They are but fiends, who know no filial ties,
To lure and aid thee in this hellish dream ;
Know'st thou the sand e'en now drifts over thy
walls,

And death is knocking at thy very door ?
Is all our pleading still of no avail ?

Oh, Culbine, save thyself as we implore !

No. 9.—TRIO.

(WITCH, CULBINE, AND UNKNOWN).

UNKNOWN.

Ha, ha ! my Lord, you see their state ;
Your honest brew has turned their heads.

CULBINE.

Yes, yes, my friends, it seems too true ;
Now haste you to your happy beds.

WITCH.

And when to-morrow you awake
You'll laugh to think of your mistake.

ALL TOGETHER.

Now fare thee well, kind friends, good-night ;
A well-earnest rest will set you right.

No. 10.—ORCHESTRA.

*[Great storm, with Orchestra gradually dying, to
illustrate daybreak, when Marjory and chorus
return to look for Culbine.]*

NO. 11.—MARJORY, WITH CHORUS OF HARVESTERS
AND SAILORS, RETURNS TO LOOK FOR HER
FATHER.

MARJORY.

See, friends, the sky is breaking clear ;
How Culbine fares we soon shall tell.
The storm has ceased, which gives me cheer ;
I trust that all may yet be well.

CHORUS.

We truly hope it may be so,
Yet all before us seems so strange ;
Culbine, so fertile, flat, and low,
Resembles now a mountain range.

MARJORY (*keeping up her heart to the last*).

This may be only mist we view,
That with advancing day
The rising sun will soon shine through,
And clear it all away.

CHORUS (*in clearer daylight*).

Alas ! no sun can clear that sand,
Nor 'neath its depths can fields be traced.
Where once was Culbine's fertile land
Henceforth shall be a dreary waste.

THE POET OF WASET.

A CANTATA.

(For Solo Voices, Chorus, and Orchestra.)

INTRODUCTION.

This cantata is intended to represent some customs of the ancient Arabs before Mohammed spread the teachings contained in his wonderful book, the Koran, through the vast peninsula of Arabia—teachings which, wherever they took root, robbed womenkind of their civil rights and privileges.

This new religion spread like wildfire, soon absorbing in its folds all the tribes of that most interesting country, with the exception of the tribe of Waset. This small tribe, living in the very heart of central Arabia, isolated from their brethren by vast tracts of desert, retained all their ancient laws and customs unmolested up to the time when Palgrave made his famous journey through that then unknown country.

The accomplishments upon which the ancient Arabs prided themselves most were eloquence, poetry, expertness in the use of arms, horsemanship, and a perfect skill in their own tongue.

Poetry was held in such esteem among them that to be able to express oneself in verse with ease and eloquence was considered the highest achievement to which one could attain. In their poems were preserved the distinctions of descent and the memory of great deeds done by the tribe. Whenever a great poet arose, the men, accompanied by the women all dressed in their nuptial ornaments, singing to the sound of timbrels, made a great public display of his worth to the tribe as the true preserver of all their genealogies, as well as of the purity of their language.

The tribes, in order to foster emulation among their poets, met once a year at the famous market-town of Ocadh, when a competition of all their poets took place. There judges were chosen to decide and publicly announce the poet who had succeeded in producing the best poem

of the year. The pride of the tribe whose poet was declared the winner became unbounded, for not only was the winning poem stored in their King's treasury, but by public order a copy of it was sent to Mecca and there written in letters of gold on Egyptian silk, and hung on the main door of the Caba till the next contest took place, the poem so honoured being known by the name of "The Golden Verses."

CHARACTERS.

MAVIA (Soprano).

ANTAR (Tenor).

RIHANA (Alto).

ABU MASUD, Chief (Bass).

NO. I. RECITATIVE.

ABU MASUD.

My people who within the gates reside,
To brothers from beyond give welcome glad;
They come, in peace, to help you to decide
Which poet shall be chosen for Ocadh.

Go now, and hold discussion free,
And call me when you all agree.

NO. 2. DOUBLE CHORUS.

1ST CHORUS.

With joyful hearts to you we now proclaim
That we have found a poet great and true,
Whose spirit, warmed by patriotic flame,
Has led us now to journey here to you;
Of him we've seen enough to let us know
That he will win should he to Ocadh go.

2ND CHORUS.

Good friends, for whom do you this talent
claim?

We know but Hamyar worthy of such fame.
Should he be chosen we shall all rejoice,
For then the tribe will praise us for our choice.

1ST CHORUS.

Then, know ye, it is not Hamyar,
 But one whose powers transcend his far—
 A man whose like we seldom view,
 With gifts your Hamyar never knew.
 Let us now in our Chief confide ;
 He knows us all, and should decide
 Who shall to Ocadh go.
 You name Hamyar,
 And we Antar,
 As fit to reach that goal.
 Ignoring birth,
 We honour worth
 And prize a high-toned soul.

2ND CHORUS.

You wrongly judge ; we'll prove it so,
 And that without delay.
 We'll call the Chief, and he'll maintain
 The truth of what we say.

1ST CHORUS.

Yes, call the Chief, for he is wise ;
 By him we're pleased to stand ;
 When once his verdict is announced
 We'll all go hand in hand.

2ND CHORUS. Let wisdom guide the step you take.

1ST CHORUS. Call the Chief !

2ND CHORUS. Give up your foolish claim.

1ST CHORUS. Call the Chief !

2ND CHORUS. With him Antar can have no chance.

1ST CHORUS. Call the Chief !

2ND CHORUS. He does not know his name.

1ST CHORUS. Call the Chief !

2ND CHORUS. We'll call the Chief if he be near.

1ST CHORUS. Call the Chief !

2ND CHORUS. We soon shall have his presence here.

1ST CHORUS. Call the Chief!

2ND CHORUS. Yes, tell the Chief.

1ST CHORUS. Call the Chief!

TOGETHER. { The Chief we call!
 { The Chief now call!

NO. 3. RECITATIVE.

ABU MASUD.

How now, my friends, I hear you don't agree ;
To me 'tis plain you've failed to make your
choice.

NO. 4. CHORUS.

2ND CHORUS.

My Lord, we humbly seek your aid
To settle our dispute.
Thy words are true, we can't agree
Which poet this year it must be
That shall the Ocadh prize contest ;
With you we think the task should rest.
Our brothers from the Palm Wells say
That one, Antar, 's our greatest stay ;
Now, he's a man we do not know—
We think that Hamyar ought to go ;
Still, we to your decision bend,
Convinced you will the poet send
Who bears the best repute.

NO. 5. RECITATIVE.

ABU MASUD.

Now that I know you all agree
To choose the poet named by me,
I wish you all to understand,
Before I take this task in hand,

When I to you his name make known
Nor strife, nor envy must be shown ;
And, should he win, 'tis my command
That he shall claim my daughter's hand.
To you let me make one thing clear,
For know ye truly I'm sincere,
Before declaring who is best :
One poet Waset owns who's blest
With soul of true poetic fire,
And he's the man to bring us fame :
Before you all I now declare
That poet is Antar.

No. 6. CHORUS.

1ST CHORUS.

All glory be to thee, good Sire ;
Again thy worth has been revealed.
For thee we stand, a wall of fire,
Against each foe thy life to shield ;
And pray the gods, from hour to hour,
That he you've chosen for the test
At Ocadh may so prove his power,
And show the judges he is best,
That pilgrims journeying afar
May learn that Waset owns Antar.

No. 7. RECITATIVE AND ARIA.

MAVIA.

Recit.

At this decree my heart beats fast
With joy ; my soul seems all aflame ;
For love, long pent within my breast,
Need now no longer be repressed :
Full soon may I this love proclaim
To him I hold so dear.

Aria.

Dear love of mine, when next we meet
 Will passion lend thee words so sweet
 As shall thy happiness express
 When I to thee my love confess?
 Though fifty moons have come and gone,
 With me, our last adieu lives on ;
 Not till the stars shall cease to shine
 Will I, Antar, thy love resign.
 What though the prize be yet to gain !
 Such heights thy genius shall attain
 That others, striving for the goal,
 Shall stand in weariness of soul
 And mark thy spirit's soaring flight
 To realms beyond their utmost sight ;
 And thou, returning, love, will bring
 Fame that shall cause thy name to ring
 In never-ending songs of praise
 Until the end of time.

No. 8. SOLO.

[Rihana, enraged at the thought of losing Antar, whom she loves, conspires against him.]

RIHANA.

Hear me, my friends : this must not, shall not
be ;

You know that Hamyar is the man to go.
But where are now his friends ? You turn and
flee

Like coney's from before the hunter's bow.
Could conduct such as yours raise Waset's
name ?

Why should you leave your hero thus alone ?
Be men while yet there's time, and save his
fame ;

Prove now to him your hearts are not of stone.

No. 9. QUARTETTE BY SUITORS FOR THE
PRINCESS'S HAND.

Good Sire, we've come that thou may'st hear,
Lest thou repent of what's been done ;
It is our duty to make clear
What must befall if Antar won.
The Princess Mavia we know
Has royal blood of noblest strain ;
Antar by birth is poor and low—
This needs must cause her endless pain.
While Hamyar, youth of noble birth,
Is fitted for your daughter's hand—
A poet and a man of worth !
A soldier able to command !
Should you incline to change your mind,
We can you valid reasons find.

No. 10. RECITATIVE.

ABU MASUD.

Convinced am I, kind friends, you wish me well;
My hearty thanks to all !
And fear ye not lest I repent ;
With what I've said pray rest content—
By it I stand or fall.
Not birth, let it be high or low,
Can give a true poetic soul ;
The gods alone such gifts control.
The man who is their happy choice
Is born a king, and we rejoice
To learn the truths he's sent to tell.
Such men attune our hearts to song ;
They make our souls for music strong.
Should Antar win, as here I stand,
He shall receive my daughter's hand.

NO. 11. CHORUS.

1ST CHORUS.

We praise and honour thee ; thy words are good ;
Thou art indeed most true, and wise, and
strong ;

We all look up to thee for mental food.

May heavenly powers preserve thy life for
long !

NO. 12. RECITATIVE.

ABU MASUD.

That Antar's journey may be doubly sure,
The swiftest camels you can find procure ;

From here to Ocadh, I opine,

Will take him half a moon.

If Antar be within the gates

I'll speak with him at noon,

For he and Princess Mavia must meet

That she may wish him God-speed on his way :

Thus must he know the one who for him waits.

A lover's parting smile clings to the mind :

Be sure 'tis he will ever fight the best

Who's left true love behind.

NO. 13. SOLO.

RIHANA.

Aid me, ye powers ! By you I swear

Antar shall not Mavia wed ;

I'd sooner far that I were dead

Than she his bridal couch should share.

With burning hate my soul's on fire ;

To quench this hate I've no desire.

I nurse it as my greatest treasure

To curse them both in fullest measure.

While he to Ocadh wends his way

I near the lower wells shall stay ;

There he shall learn a woman's hate—
Perchance we both shall meet our fate.
Let come what may, my course is clear ;
Hope of revenge now drowns all fear.

NO. 14. DUET.

ANTAR.

Fair Mavia, I come to say farewell,
For, know, I journey hence at break of day ;
Though soon we part, no words I find to tell
What tender thoughts of thee will cheer my
way.

MAVIA.

Antar, if 'twill thy lonely spirit cheer,
Hear me confess I hold thee ever dear ;
Since that entrancing hour when first we met
I've loved thee with a love that can't forget.

ANTAR.

What music to my ears these words of thine !
They make me feel the gods have ceased to
chide,
And henceforth will bestow their gifts divine
To crown a love we need no longer hide.
How oft, while musing round the wells alone,
The wind-stirred palm-leaves mocked me in
their glee,
And seemed to whisper love was past and gone,
With all its rare delights, for thee and me !
And e'en the vulture, gloating on his peak,
Seemed to make sport of my profoundest
grief ;
The wells alone bright words of hope would
speak
In gurgling tones that brought my soul relief.

MAVIA.

Antar, a word before we part.

ANTAR.

Each word of thine, love, thrills my heart.

MAVIA.

When love first to my chamber door came
sighing,

Thy name it was unto my heart he spoke ;
All through the night, when deep in slumber
lying,

I dreamed of thee—of thee, till I awoke.
And in my dreams I saw thy fame ascending
From height to height in never-ending flight,
Until at last, each paler beam transcending,
It bathed all Waset in its glorious light.

ANTAR.

Fair Mavia, ten thousand thanks I owe thee
For all thy gracious words of faith sublime ;
Where'er I go thy trust will e'er inspire me
What time the toilsome path to fame I climb.

MAVIA.

God bless and guard thee on thy lonely way,
And speed the lagging hours against our
meeting day.

ANTAR.

Now, fare thee well, my guiding star !

MAVIA.

Yes, fare thee well !

ANTAR.

Shrined in my heart thou'lt ever dwell.

MAVIA.

I'll long for thy return.

TOGETHER.

Let us in God our steadfast trust repose ;
Farewell, my love, farewell !

NO. 15. CHORUS OF MALE ATTENDANTS.

Antar, we've come to let you know
That, near the eastern gate,
Your caravan is all complete,
And there for you will wait.
The camels all are fleet and strong,
Well fitted for a journey long—
Across the desert's sandy flow,
From well to well they'll swiftly go ;
Before this moon's third quarter's done
The gates of Ocadh you'll have won.

NO. 16. SOLO.

ANTAR.

Farewell, my Chief, and people all !
To know that I your trust possess
Has made my confidence grow wide ;
But rest assured, whate'er betide,
I shall do all that in me lies
To gain for you the Ocadh prize.
I know my task has no mean scope—
Each tribe will have its poet there ;
Yet for my Chief, my tribe, my bride,
My utmost effort I'll not spare.
At dawn to-morrow we go hence,
And e'en should perils bar our way
We'll cross the sand-waves night and day
With hope and courage for the fray.

NO. 17. CHORUS.

Farewell, farewell, Antar, farewell !
May our best wishes with you dwell ;
May they sustain you through your test,
And your great talents prove you best.
Farewell, Antar, farewell !

NO. 18. ORCHESTRA.

[*Short display of instrumental music for Antar's departure.*]

NO. 19. SESTETTO.

RIHANA AND FRIENDS.

Fear not, though these our plans be vain,
And Antar be escaped and free ;
On his return let us make sure
That both the routes are held secure.
With eagle eyes from yonder height
We'll watch the desert day and night ;
Thus we can hardly fail to see
Which of the paths they mean to gain.
When weary round the wells they lie,
Then by our hands shall Antar die.

NO. 20. SOLO.

MAVIA.

My father frets from day to day,
And seems with care oppressed ;
Would that some messenger arrived
To set his mind at rest !
I see his guards move to and fro,
And anxious seems each face,
As if there were some mystery
Whose source they wish to trace ;
For not since Hamood's treachery
Have they displayed such care.
I feel there must be something wrong,
And yet I know not where.

(*Agitato.*)

My God ! a new thought fires my brain
And racks my very soul with pain,
As if Antar now lay there dead.
Ah, no ! such things must not be said.

Yet why has Hamyar not been here
At Court he does not now appear.
With him Rihana oft is seen :
What then but murder can this mean?
I see it all! Now shall I go
And let the Chief, my father, know,
That he may send his swordsmen forth
To guard the wells, both south and north,
And bring me back Antar.

NO. 21. RECITATIVE.

MESSENGER.

Before the gods, my friends, now bow,
For they your fate control ;
They've placed the name of Antar high
On fame's illustrious scroll ;
Endowed him with a noble mind
To search both deep and wide,
And teach the world that Nature's laws
With truth must coincide.
They have on him a voice bestowed
Sonorous, bold, and clear,
To hold his fellow-men entranced
That they the truth may hear.
They tuned his keen poetic soul
To mark with clearest sight
That which they would mankind should know :
The gods are ever right.
E'en as he watched his flocks with care,
The Muses there would stay.
And whisper consolations sweet
To cheer him on his way.
So now, with pride, Arabia claims
Antar her greatest bard ;
Has twined the laurel round his brow—
A poet's best reward.

NO. 22. DOUBLE CHORUS.

1ST CHORUS. { We hail with joy this glorious news.

2ND CHORUS. { Away, away, and tell the Chief!

{ Let Waset now rejoice.

{ Let him this good news know.

{ Antar has won us great renown.

{ Our victory let him know at once.

{ We made a glorious choice,

{ 'Twas he who made the choice.

NO. 23. RECITATIVE.

ABU MASUD.

What means this stir? Pray what is wrong?

Say why do you come here so late.

Let some one stand from out the throng

Who can the reason clearly state.

NO. 24. RECITATIVE.

MESSENGER.

My liege, your people now glad tidings bring :

Antar's been crowned Arabia's poet king.

Yet know thou, Sire, that rumour's rife

Rihana plots to take his life.

We pray thee that an escort may be sent

To guard the wells, and this foul deed prevent.

NO. 25. RECITATIVE.

ABU MASUD.

Then go and tell my people all

They need not be afraid :

Antar may enter here in peace,

For all his foes are dead.

His camels now may drink at ease,

As all the wells are clear ;

Rihana and her murdering band
Can no more interfere.
Let timbrels sound, and trumpets too,
When Antar doth draw near.

NO. 26. CHORUS (*with timbrels sounding in the distance as Antar's caravan enters the town*).

Throw wide the gates, that he may pass—
Our hero of renown!
None ever did such noble work
As he who's won his crown.
Bestrew his path with palms and flowers
To greet him on his way.
Through all the years has Waset longed
For this most glorious day.
Hurrah! See, now he comes! Hurrah!
Let all men bend the knee,
And praise the gods that we have lived
This great success to see.
Let future ages loud proclaim
The glories of our Antar's name.

NO. 27. SOLO.

ANTAR.

At such reward my heart o'erflows ;
I yearn to tell you what I feel.
Proudly I've marked how you arose
And placed my name on history's roll.
Now that the battle's lost and won,
And we have reached the sacred goal,
Before the gods we now may kneel
With heartfelt thanks for what they've done.
Here, high up on Arabia's slopes,
And far from Mecca's bustling throng,
We've lived obscure to tend our flocks
And tune our hearts for sweetest song.
Now have we proved that Waset's strong!

The desert, spreading far and wide,
Has walled us from the world outside,
And only pilgrims once a year
Come to partake of our good cheer ;
Still, with our able Chief to guide,
Now Waset's known both far and wide.
Then let us for his welfare pray :
The gods preserve him long !

NO. 28. RECITATIVE.

ABU MASUD.

Friends, mark him well ! Before you stands
The man to whom we owe our fame,
Who's journeyed o'er the burning sands
To win for us a glorious name.
Know ye, at Mecca's holy shrine
The pilgrims may his worth behold,
For there his precious thoughts will shine
Till twelve successive moons grow old !
Before you here—most fitting place—
I call Antar to claim his bride.
May all the powers their union grace
And long preserve them side by side !

NO. 29. FULL CHORUS.

Let all the tribe of Waset join
To greet the happy pair,
To bless Antar and Mavia—
So noble, young, and fair.
May his achievements live for aye,
Go down from sire to son ;
Oft round the wells may it be told
How Antar's bride was won !
May ever honoured be their names,
We all sincerely pray !
Away ! Now go—prepare the feast !
Away ! away ! away !



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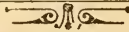
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